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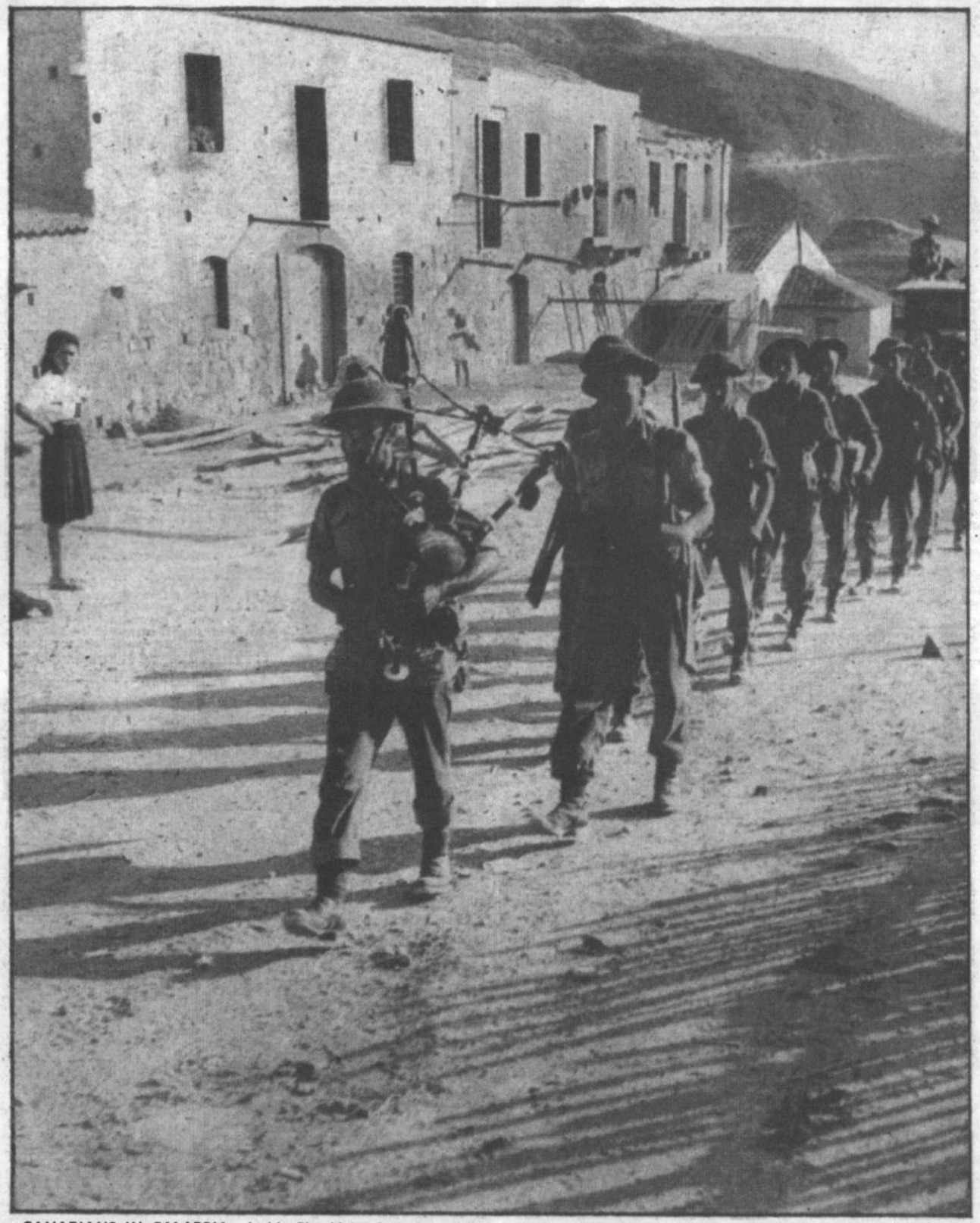
Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE OCTOBER 15, 1943



CANADIANS IN CALABRIA. Led by Pipe-Major A. Anderson of Toronto, Canadians of General Montgomery's 8th Army march through Straorina, near Reggio di Calabria. It was on the beaches around Reggio, at 4.30 a.m. on September 3, 1943, the fourth anniversary of our declaration of war on Germany, that our men landed to establish their major bridgehead for the invasion of Italy. Hands on hips, a young Italian girl watches and wonders whilst the Canadians pass. *Photo, Associated Press*

War Work and Play Seen by Our Roving Camera

BELLADONNA, powerful and useful drug, being in short supply, Guy's Hospital, London, now produces its own. Nurses (above) collect leaves of the drug-yielding plants grown in the hospital grounds.

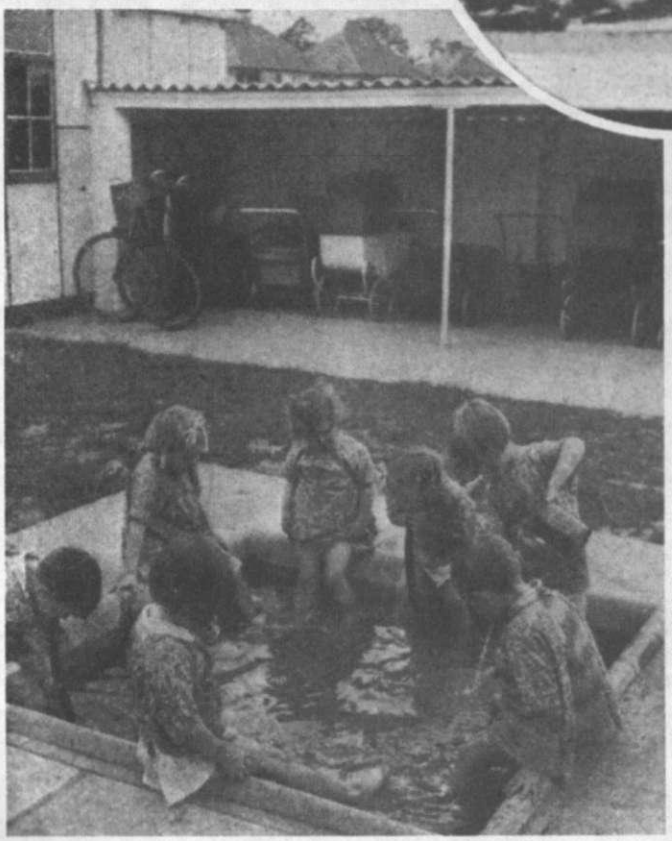
VICTORY HOSE: last stages in the manufacture (above) of the Utility stocking. Girls put the stockings on metal shapes, which revolve into a wetting chamber and then travel 60 ft. to a drying chamber, finally being removed, ready for wear.

ART OF CARVING the Tommies' Sunday joint (right) is acquired by girls of the A.T.S., who learn everything about meat from carcass to menu.

WHILE MOTHER IS AT WORK the war time kiddies are well cared for. In a corner of a modern nursery (below) a shallow bathing pool provides engrossing enjoyments.

THE LONG WALK at Windsor, famous elm-lined approach to the Castle, is losing its ancient trees. As felling and sawing-up (below) of the diseased elms proceeds—providing valuable timber and firewood—chestnut saplings will replace them.

Photos, Fox, Topical Press, Sport & General



THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

DURING the month of September the progress of the Russian offensive was so astonishing that, whatever the original intentions of the Germans may have been, they were left with no alternative but retreat to the Dnieper at least as far north as the Pripet marshes, the eastern extension of which encroaches on the river some 50 miles up stream of Kiev (see map p. 309).

The loss to them of Bryansk and the line of the Desna River will also inevitably compel them to retreat to the upper Dnieper. That has entailed withdrawal from Smolensk, probably to be followed by the swinging back of the whole of their northern front. On what line the Germans will try to stabilize the front, either temporarily or for winter occupation, becomes a matter for speculation.

CAPTURE OF POTENZA by the 8th Army, announced on September 22, 1943, placed them in line with the 5th Army attacking north and east of Salerno. Patrols of the two armies had already linked up on September 15.
By courtesy of The Daily Mail

So far, though Smolensk has been abandoned in order to escape another Stalingrad, there are no indications of retreat from the front north of Veliki Luki. Withdrawal from the Leningrad-Lake Ilmen front to the Estonian frontier and to a line running roughly from Pskov at the south end of Lake Peipus would, however, give a somewhat shorter front, and probably one that could be more economically held than the position required for the investment of Leningrad. There would also be a considerable shortening of lines of communications, reducing traffic and releasing troops now employed on protection of railways against guerilla activities.

IT seems improbable that at this stage the Germans would abandon Estonia and Latvia and fall back to the line of the Dvina, as some have suggested, for that would mean the isolation of Finland and give the Russian Baltic Fleet greater liberty of action. Nor would it mean much shortening of the front so long as the line of the upper Dnieper is held. The chief advantage to be gained by such a drastic withdrawal would be a great reduction in the length of lines of communication. Any withdrawal on the northern front would, of course, release large Russian forces —not only the garrison of Leningrad but also the field army which keeps open the city's lifeline.

Much, however, must depend on whether the Germans will attempt to establish their winter front on the line of the Dnieper if they are able to halt the Russian offensive on the river during the autumn. This seems more than doubtful, but since there are as yet no signs of withdrawal from the Crimea the Germans may not have given up hope of checking the pursuit. Already the German public has been warned that a defensive line may be established much farther to the west; that may be either because the General Staff is not confident that the Russians can be stopped on the Dnieper, or it is considered that the Dnieper does not provide either a sufficiently short or suitable winter position.

We have yet to see whether the impetus of the Russian offensive will carry them across the Dnieper, but, assuming it will not, as far as I can judge, the river would not give the Germans a good winter position, although it would obviously be desirable to hold it for a time to cover further withdrawal. If it could be held as an intermediate position it would cover the withdrawal of much heavy material and a gradual thinning-out of troops. It would provide a means of escaping a general retreat during the autumn rains over long distances and with roads reduced to a quagmire.

RETENTION of the Crimea or Nazi Withdrawal From It

At the best, river lines are never easy to defend. Their windings increase the length of front which has to be kept under observation, and they present innumerable alternative points at which the enemy can concentrate for attack. Furthermore, they provide a screen beyond which patrols of the defence cannot easily penetrate, increasing the difficulty of discovering the enemy's intentions.

Air reconnaissance, unless supplemented by ground observation, may prove misleading, and has definite limitations. The right bank of the Dnieper, like that of all rivers in south Russia, is high and commands the low ground on the opposite side. As a natural consequence, practically all the large towns, Zaporozhe being an exception, are situated on the right bank. These conditions obviously give the defence considerable advantages, but they are advantages which favour temporary rather than permanent defence; and they make it more difficult to maintain bridgeheads across the river covering the main approaches to it.

The most obvious weakness of the Dnieper as a winter defence line is the great bend in its lower reaches, which lengthens the front to be held and forms an exposed salient. To obviate this weakness and to enable them to retain the Crimea (or to cover withdrawal from it), the Germans are evidently holding in force a front from Zaporozhe to the western end of the Sea of Azov—but this may only be a temporary measure, at best a dangerous one. A greater weakness is, I think, the lack of good lateral communications west of the river. In particular, the Pripet marshes interpose a wide obstacle between the forces holding the middle and upper reaches of the river. There are no roads across the marshes usable by vehicles and only two railways cross them from north to south, one 70 miles and the other 170 miles behind the front.

ISLAND OF COS, in the Dodecanese, was reported occupied by the Allies on September 21, 1943. An Intelligence Officer of the Middle East Command is here questioning Italians who saw German ME109s shot down by the R.A.F. over the island. German sea and air-borne troops launched a counter-attack on October 3. *Photo, British Official*

BRITAIN'S NEW 4·2-IN. MORTAR is proving highly effective in action. Manned by a crew of four, it can throw a bomb no less than 20 lb. in weight to the remarkable distance of 4,600 yards. This corrects the performance figures previously given in page 227.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Even in the sectors north and south of the marshes lateral communications are not good, and especially in winter this would delay concentration for counter-attack of an enemy who had effected a crossing and would greatly add to the difficulty of keeping the troops holding the front supplied. The fact that most of the large towns of the region are situated on the river exposed to artillery fire from the opposite bank, and to bombing attacks against which complete aircraft defence could not be provided, would add greatly to the difficulty of providing comfortable winter quarters. Too much of the defence organization would in fact of necessity have to be in the front window.

THE conclusion I come to is that, though the Germans will fight hard to use the obstacle of the Dnieper as an intermediate defence line to cover a further withdrawal, they will retreat much farther west before winter sets in. I should expect their main object would be to place a considerable part of the Pripet marshes in front of the line on which they decide to halt, the object being to secure good lateral communications for themselves while imposing on the Russians the disadvantage of advancing in two separated bodies—a situation which affords possibilities for a counter-stroke.

Should the Germans retreat from the Dnieper and abandon the Vitebsk-Orsha defences it would, however, open to the Russians the passage between the basins of the Dnieper and Dvina. It should be noted that on this sector Russian railway gauge has by now been restored, providing a good base for winter operations.

The truth is that a comparatively short front which could be economically held is not easy to find in Russia, and in looking for it I should expect the Germans to be influenced more by a desire to secure good lateral communication and to shorten their supply lines than to gain the protection of a physical obstacle to direct attack. On the whole, it would seem that, though it would not be the shortest line, the Russian frontier prior to the occupation of Poland and the Baltic states may indicate approximately the zone where the Germans will attempt to establish a winter position. It remains to be seen, however, whether Russian action will leave them much, if indeed any, freedom of choice this autumn or winter.

5th and 8th Armies Take a Firm Grip on Italy

FIRST GERMAN PRISONERS come running in (above) soon after the landing of the Fifth Army at Salerno on September 9, 1943. From this British mortar position at Pugliano (below) shells are being fired into German positions at Torello, ten miles east of Salerno. See also opposite page and page 295.

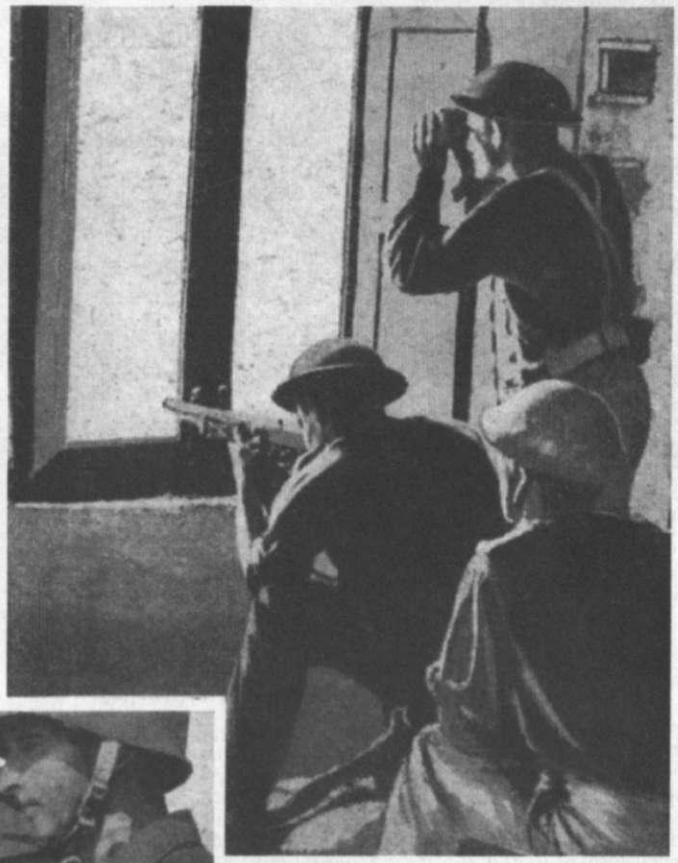
ROUNDING A HAIRPIN BEND in the hills between Scilla and Palmi, in Calabria, is no easy proposition for this 8th Army 4·5-in. gun (above), which went into action on September 7. Italian civilians (below) volunteered to help our troops repair damage to a railway line where German demolition squads had been busy.

THE SALERNO BEACHES and other points of the 5th Army invasion front where our positions were for a time extremely critical (see story in page 314). Black arrows indicate direction of powerful enemy thrusts aimed at pushing our forces back into the sea. Only after 16 days' bitter fighting was our Salerno-Agropoli bridgehead made secure.

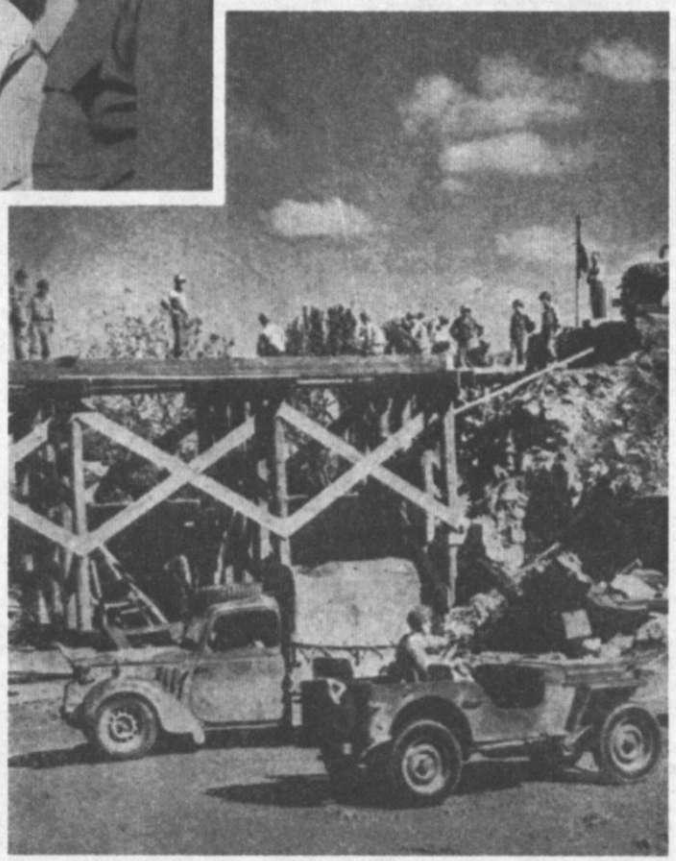
Photos, British and U.S. Official

From the 'Heel' to Salerno Our Men Advance

A SHERMAN TANK of the 8th Army, pushing northwards to join the hard-pressed 5th Army, passes through a road barrier of stone masses at Nicastro, in Calabria.

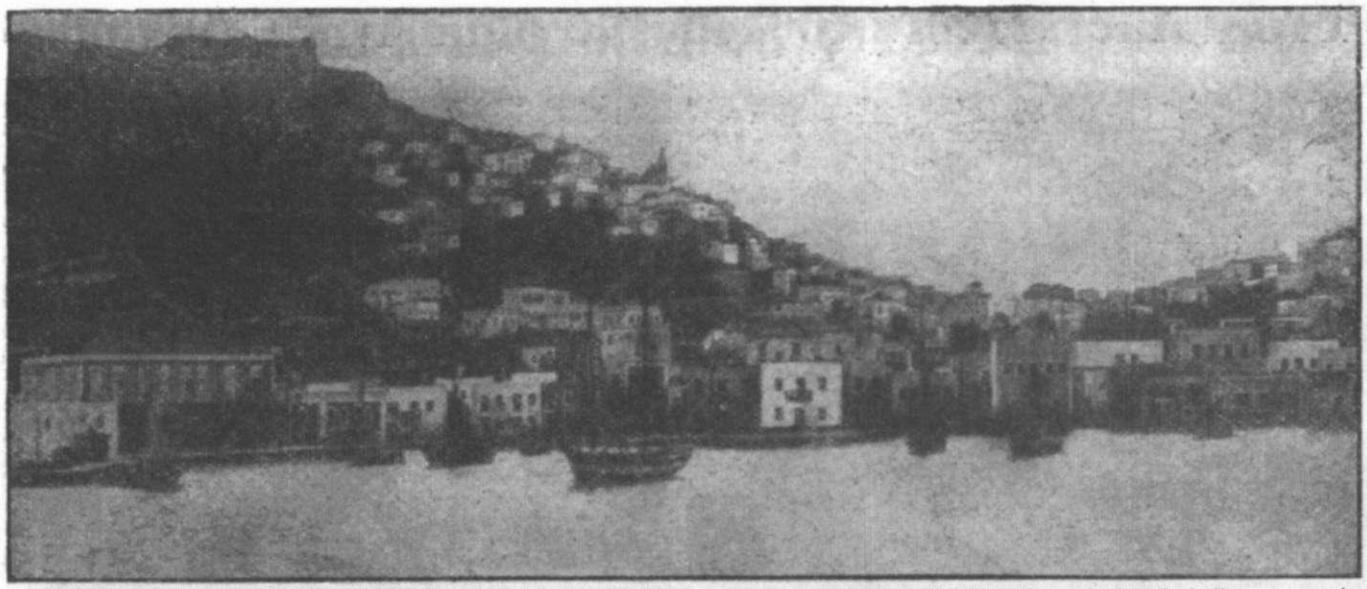


HASTENING THE RETREAT of German forces, Tommy-gun fire directed by an observer with binoculars from this 5th Army forward observation post is proving effective.



SELF-PROPELLED ASSAULT GUN (left) enters a town occupied by U.S. forces in the Salerno area. British and American leaders (centre) confer on a Salerno beach: right to left, Gen. Mark Clark, commanding 5th Army, Gen. Sir Harold Alexander, Chief of Operations on the Italian mainland, and Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham. American engineers (right) speedily erect a wooden trestle structure, to span a gap blown in a bridge by the enemy with the object of delaying our advance as long as possible.

Photos, British and U.S. Official. Fox



LEROS, ISLAND IN THE DODECANESE, capture of which by British forces was announced on September 21, 1943, was used by the Italians as a naval base and will now, of course, be at the disposal of the Royal Navy. Chief importance, however, of its occupation—together with two other Greek islands Cos and Samos, on the same date—is that this constitutes a definite breach of the German outer circle of defences in that region. *Photo, E.N.A.*

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

FIRST-FRUITS of the elimination of the Italian fleet from the Mediterranean conflict were gathered within a fortnight of the submission of its principal units at Malta. Without a battle the Germans abandoned the great island of Sardinia to the custody of its Italian garrison and retired into Corsica. In that retreat they were not long left undisturbed, for the French patriots in the island, reinforced by troops from Algeria, lost no time in attacking them. By desperate efforts they succeeded for a time in keeping open the port of Bastia, in the north-east of the island, from which they evacuated men and supplies to Elba and Leghorn. Enemy losses in this operation were by no means light, as Allied aircraft and light naval forces struck heavily at transport planes and evacuation vessels.

Able to move their forces freely by sea, the Allies are at a very great advantage in these insular operations. Transport of supplies and troops to Corsica was carried on under the escort of French warships, of which the cruisers Montcalm and Jeanne d'Arc, the destroyers Le Fantasque, Le Terrible, L'Alcyon, Le Fortuné, Basque and Tempête, submarines Casabianca, Perle and Aréthuse, have been mentioned officially.

FARTHER east there have been interesting developments. As practically the whole of the Italian squadron in the Levant had proceeded to Haifa or Cyprus, the Dodecanese and other Aegean islands were left without sea defence. Airborne troops, presumably from the Ninth Army, therefore, descended on the large Greek island of Samos, and on the smaller islands of Leros, Cos (see illus. p. 291), and Castellorizo, in the Dodecanese. Warmly welcomed by the Greek inhabitants and by the Italian army formations stationed there, the invaders proceeded to secure the airfields and harbours, after defeating attacks made by the Luftwaffe from Rhodes. From the naval point of view, Leros is a particularly useful prize, as its excellent harbour was developed by the Italians as a minor naval base, with a floating dock and a seaplane station.

Without doubt, the remaining enemy-occupied islands in the Levant will by degrees fall into Allied hands. Deprived of any naval force, and lacking their former superiority in the air, the Germans will find it impossible to hold even such important islands as Crete and Rhodes when these, in turn, are assailed. Once deprived of these outlying bulwarks, the mainland of Greece, and especially the peninsula of the Morea (or Peloponnesus), will be open to attack from more than one quarter, and evacuation will become imperative.

DECISIVE Intervention of Royal Navy at Salerno

All these benefits flow from the submission of the Italian Navy, for though that force was never actively employed in offensive operations, its existence in harbours within easy reach constituted a threat which could not be ignored by the Allies when planning the invasion of enemy-held territories. Another effect has been to make the Germans nervous about their line of retreat through Italy, as evidenced by references in Berlin war commentaries to the probability of the Allies landing forces at points in the rear of Marshal Kesselring's armies. Those armies, it is admitted, owed their sudden reversal of fortune at Salerno to the decisive intervention of ships of the Royal Navy, notably the Warspite and Valiant, whose 15-in. shells created havoc in the enemy ranks.

Corsica should be of considerable value to the Allies as a base from which not only air attacks but even invasion operations can in due course be launched upon Northern Italy and Southern France, a fact of which the enemy must be well aware.

In the latter part of September the Germans endeavoured to cheer up their dispirited civilian population by a highly-coloured account of a fresh campaign opened against Atlantic traffic by U-boats. Doubtless these submarines have been undergoing alterations and improvements in recent months with a view to some such fresh attack; but it is hardly to be expected that, after suffering such a decisive defeat, accompanied by heavy losses, they should renew their operations with any great measure of enthusiasm. Nor is it likely that they will accomplish any large destruction of shipping, for not only are our escorts stronger than ever they were, but they have been gaining further experience of working together during the lull in the U-boat campaign.

In the Pacific American submarines continue to operate with a far more consistent degree of success than those of Germany have experienced in the Atlantic. Colonel Knox, the United States Secretary of the Navy, revealed recently that fully one-third of the Japanese mercantile fleet had been destroyed, including all the additions made to it since Pearl Harbour. It is shortage of shipping that is likely to undermine the Japanese scheme of defence, for her forces are so widely dispersed between her various conquests that adequate sea communications are of vital importance.

In the Indian Ocean enemy submarine attacks on shipping have been reported from time to time, but these do not appear to have assumed the serious proportions of U-boat depredations in the Atlantic. Some considerable reduction in the number of targets afforded may be expected now that supplies for the East are passing through the Mediterranean instead of going by the longer route round the Cape of Good Hope. It is evident that the Italians were contributing their quota to this sphere of operations, for in September the submarine Ammiraglio Cagni entered the port of Durban in accordance with the terms of the Armistice. She is one of the largest submarines in the Italian Navy, with a displacement of 1,461 tons. What is more remarkable is that she is armed with no fewer than 14 torpedo tubes instead of the normal maximum of ten. These are of 18-in. calibre instead of the standard 21-in. Presumably she was designed to prey on merchant shipping, for which purpose a smaller torpedo was considered sufficient. This allowed the number of tubes and of torpedoes carried to be increased to a corresponding extent.

A RECENT Rome broadcast cleared up to some extent uncertainty that had existed concerning various Italian warships. It was stated in this broadcast that ships in ports under German control comprised the battleships Impero, of 35,000 tons, and Conte di Cavour, of 23,622 tons, and the cruisers Bolzano and Gorizia, of 10,000 tons. At the same time it was admitted that the Impero is incomplete and that the other three ships are so badly damaged that they are no longer seaworthy. It will be recalled that the Cavour was sunk in Taranto Harbour by torpedoes from British naval aircraft in November 1940 and was not refloated for a long time, while the Gorizia was badly injured by American bombers in April 1942. It is believed that the Bolzano was torpedoed by a British submarine.

Modern Horse of Troy on the Beaches of Salerno

HUGE LANDING-CRAFT of new design carried the British-American 5th Army to the Salerno beaches on September 9, 1943. Here is one disgorging men and transport through great doors in its hull, under cover of its own smoke-screen—effectively shielding from the enemy's eyes the scene of tremendous activity. Wheel-grip for the motor vehicles is ensured by a track of wire netting laid on the sandy shore. Salerno port was occupied on September 10. See also pages 292, 293, and story in page 314.

Photo, British Official

Battlefield Gunfire Now Defeating the Nazis

In pre-war days official Germany clamoured for "guns before butter." The Nazis got their guns, but today they lack both the butter and effective artillery power. DONALD COWIE explains how and why Germany has no effective answer to the Allied gunfire now blasting her armies and driving the Wehrmacht back to "Citadel Germany." See also opposite page and pages 247, 291.

DURING seven long years, from 1928 to 1935, a certain Englishman had locked up in his desk the plans of his lifetime's invention—the perfect light field-gun. He knew that not only the British Army but also the German, Russian, French and American lacked such a weapon, but could this Major-General H. A. Lewis get anyone interested? Not a soul.

It was by the merest chance that Sir Alan Brooke, now Chief of the Imperial General Staff, found himself in a position in 1935 to put a recommendation forward on behalf of his old friend's invention. Thus we got the 25-pounder "gun-how" and our principal means of winning land battles in this war.

To which the reader may well retort, "But surely the Germans built a gun of equal effectiveness and, what's more, built it in greater numbers! Wasn't it guns before butter in Germany before the war?" Now the answer to that is most interesting, and contains perhaps the secret of why Germany, for all her preparations, has failed: she has lacked both the butter and the guns.

By studying our major battles so far we can now see that the Wehrmacht, however well equipped in other ways, has consistently lacked the wherewithal to effect large-scale artillery concentrations. On the other hand, that huge army, when defeated, has nearly always been defeated by our own or our Allies' superior gunfire. Glance back over the great events: defence of Moscow, Voronezh, Stalingrad, Alamein, Tunisia, Kharkov—each has been a triumph for the last-war style of artillery barrage.

We can consider the actual gun-work in those battles presently, but first we had better explore the matter of defective German artillery a little farther. To do this it is necessary to imagine ourselves present at a meeting of the German General Staff about 1937. They're mostly young, super-efficient men, greatly impressed by the work of bombers in Abyssinia and Spain, equally enthusiastic about panzer possibilities. One and all they agree that the static battles of the last war, with their great artillery barrages, will not be known again.

Therefore, regarding the manufacture of new guns they decided that these should be confined to: (1) weapons to be carried on tanks; (2) anti-aircraft ordnance; (3) highly-mobile self-propelling pieces to accompany panzer divisions; (4) anti-tank guns and (5) single and multi-barrelled mortars.

OF course, that is to over-simplify the matter; but, broadly speaking, it appears now that the Germans made their great mistake in that way. They concluded too soon that old-style artillery methods were finished; they put their faith in aerial artillery as represented by bombers and mobile artillery as provided by tanks; and they got away with it during those campaigns, such as the Polish, the Norwegian, the French and the Greek, wherein their opponents had few modern guns of any type. And they got nearly to Moscow with their first mad thrust of tanks and aircraft.

But a few miles from Moscow, as a few miles from Leningrad—and later a few miles from Voronezh and Stalingrad—they came up against the Russian guns. The Red Army had not made the same mistake. During the preparatory years this silent force had probably indented for more guns than any other army in history. The fire power of one of its corps had been raised to 70 tons a minute, compared with 54 tons and 53 tons respectively for French and German corps. So Hitler was foiled before Moscow by such a barrage as prevented his spearhead from ever advancing a yard farther in that direction. It was consistently the same elsewhere.

Russian guns on the heights over the city and on the Volga islands saved Stalingrad. One of the artillery marvels of this battle was how the gunners continually received new weapons, hot from the Dzerzhinsky works at their rear. Next, the Red Army surged forward from Stalingrad, as they have not ceased surging yet; and the guns always paved the way. In a few days of the Donetz battles one of Zhukov's artillery regiments fired 35,000 shells. Asked to explain subsequent victories, a Russian general said: "Our artillery. It was so accurate and deadly that the Russian infantry advancing behind the barrage took their objectives with losses of less than a dozen men. There was no resistance left after the barrage." Even as we write we hear that Russian guns are "softening-up" the last Nazi defences at Kiev.

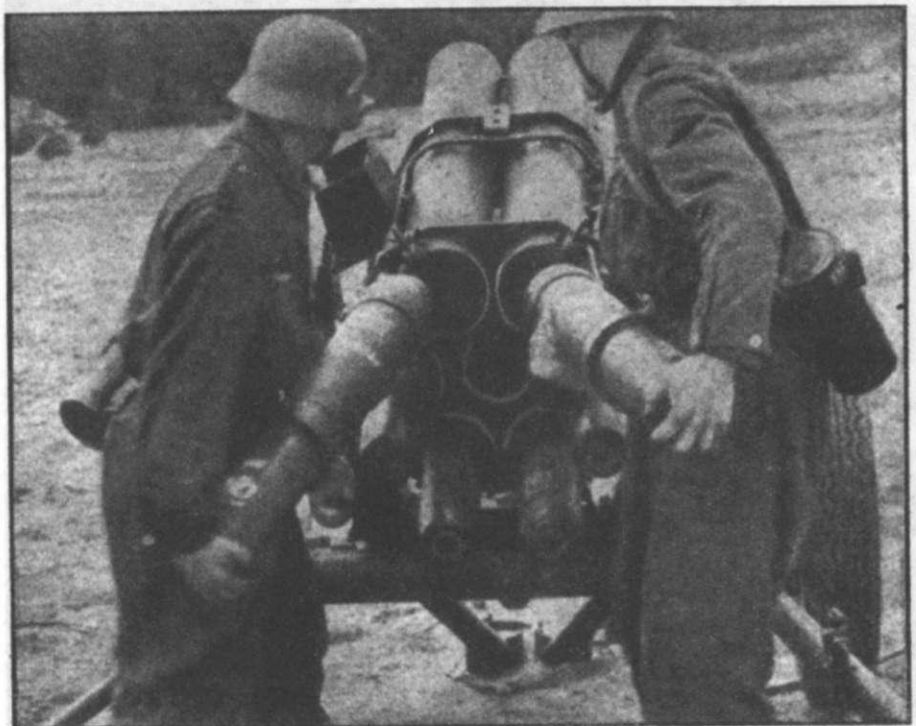
Now over to Egypt, and the all-important battle of Alamein. Montgomery's massed guns undoubtedly won that day, the first occasion of the war that we had employed 1914-1918 artillery tactics with modern improvements. And note how Tunisia dragged on till Alexander was transferred to that front, and the break-through to Tunis was achieved by the concentration of no fewer than 400 guns in one place, one to every eight yards. Sicily gave no such opportunities, because the enemy had speeded out before we could bring sufficient big guns forward; but tomorrow the artillery will prove a decisive factor again.

To clinch the argument it will not be said the Germans have possessed no good guns. On the contrary, they have developed some magnificent pieces. But the point is that these have been "specialist" weapons, built not for massed artillery work but for accompanying panzers "under their own steam," and for anti-tank and anti-aircraft purposes; whereas we and our Allies have developed our artillery as primary weapons, for employment as concentrated "rubbers-out" of enemy positions. And here the long-neglected invention of Major-General Lewis—a world's foremost artillery expert who retired on age-limit from the War Office only the other day—has served us particularly well.

The 25-pounder "gun-how" is essentially a light weapon, and we have many other guns. For instance, details have recently been released (see page 247) of the B.L. 4·5-in. and the B.L. 5·5-in., heavy field pieces which strikingly outclass their German equivalents. But our possession of vast numbers of the "little" 25-pounders has enabled us, in swift-moving "pocket" campaigns such as those of the Mediterranean theatre, repeatedly to mount artillery barrages that have swept the Germans off their feet. Prisoner after prisoner has testified to the demoralizing effect of these ubiquitous guns.

And the Americans? Well, they have been able specially to supply our most conspicuous lacks, which have been "specialist" weapons of the German type, from self-propelling pieces to new inventions such as the "Bazookas" and multi-barrelled mortars. They have also developed a fine range of heavy artillery.

Probably an unbiased vote of all nations would elect our 25-pounder the best gun of this war, as the French "75" was the best of the last war. But the Germans have produced some excellent weapons, and are being beaten on the battlefields chiefly by their failure to have them assembled in sufficient quantities at the right places—by their failure, that is, to use them properly. There is such a thing as being too eager to be off with the old love and on with the new, and if it is a matter of 25-pounders or Stukas the modern soldier will know which to choose.

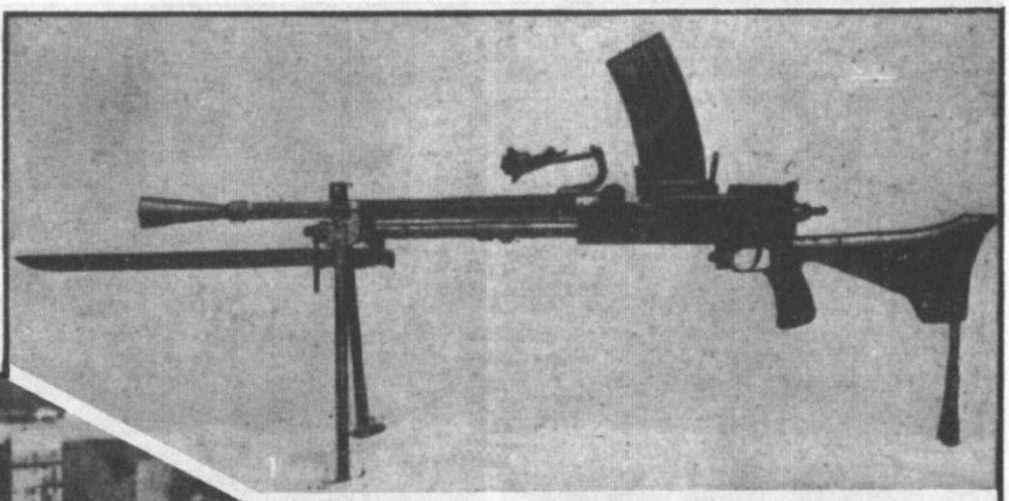


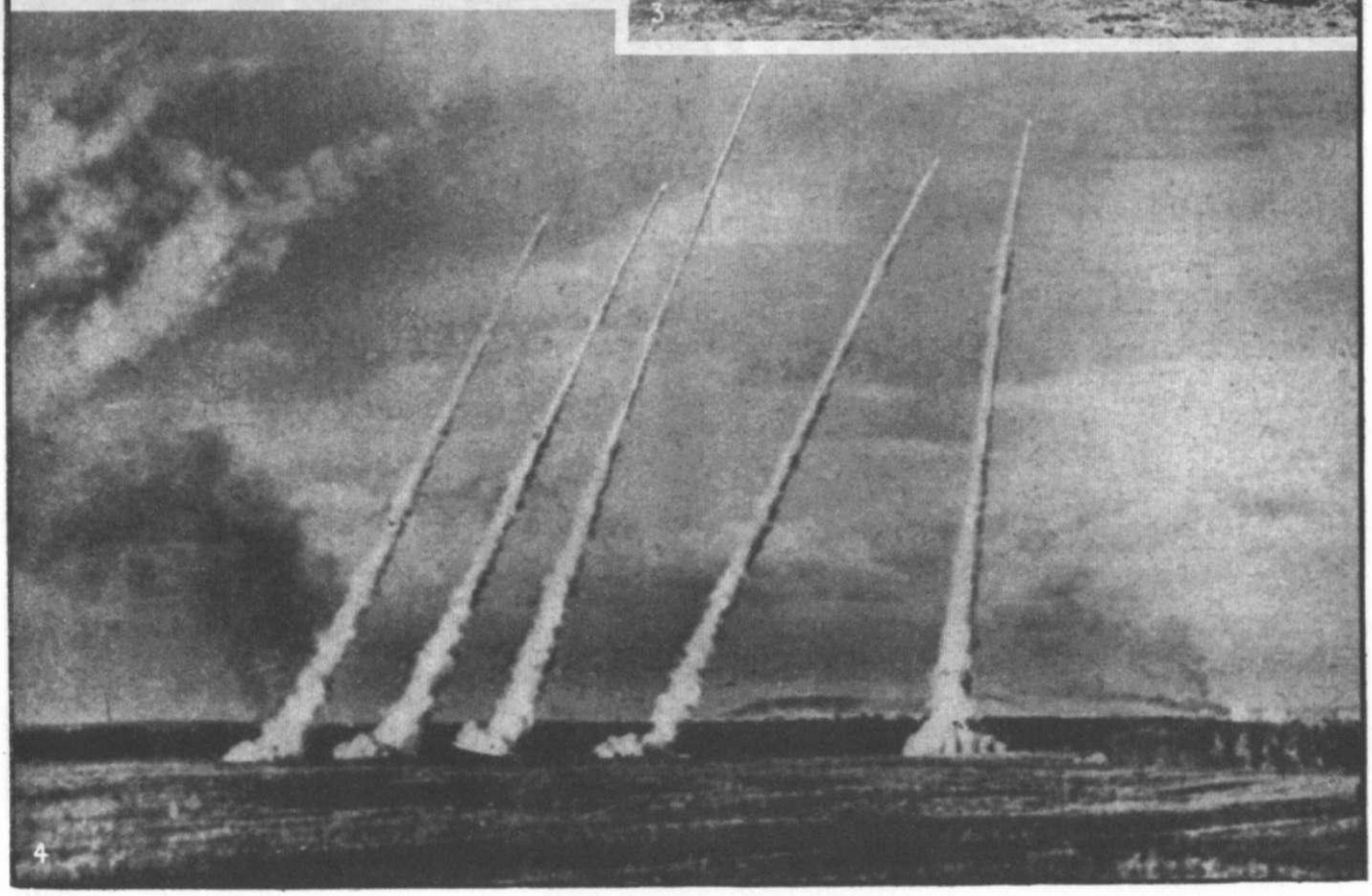
SMOKE-ROCKETS, such as are here being loaded into a six-barrelled mortar (a variation is shown in opposite page), are among the latest "secret weapons" claimed by the Nazis; a novel method of projection, dispensing with heavy barrels and affording fast manipulation, is one of the special features. A weapon of this type is said to project smoke and explosive shells simultaneously. *Photo, Keystone*

'Bazooka' & 'Sobbing Sisters'—Secret Weapons

MOST DEADLY AND EFFICIENT weapons being used in this war are mainly developments of tried types with established reputations, but here we show some new and unusual examples. 1, Japanese light machine-gun fitted with bayonet, presumably for use when gun is held on the hip. 2, German five-barrelled "nebelwerfer," used both in Russia and Sicily, which projects smoke- or artificial fog-producing rockets. 4, A battery of these mortars in action they are called "Sobbing Sisters" by the Red Army from the noise made during the projectiles' flight. 3, American anti-tank rocket thrower (background), known as the "bazooka."

Photos, U.S. Official, New York Times Photos, Associated Press





Ferry Control's Great Job in Invasion of Italy

TRANSPORTATION OF 8TH ARMY TROOPS and all their vehicles and material to the Italian mainland on September 3, 1943, was the colossal organization job of Ferry Control. This unit consists of a Movements Officer, who fixes beach assembly areas, a Ferry Liaison Officer, and Naval Ferry Control, which supervises sea transport. Lt. Servaes phones (1) to Movements Office (2 and 5) that his men are assembled for the crossing. Troops board an invasion craft (3); the sky is scanned for enemy aircraft (4), and signalmen maintain communications (6). *Photos, British Official*

Battipaglia Added to Fifth Army's Triumphs

IN A WAR-TORN STREET amidst the desolation that was Battipaglia, on the Salerno front, a dispatch-rider of the 5th Army asks his way of British and U.S. military police. Possession of this Italian town, bitterly contested by the Nazis, was announced on September 19, 1943. The Allies will now repair the damage done to the important railway junction there by our bombers before and after the Salerno landings on September 9. Battipaglia junction is on the routes to Naples from Taranto and Reggio di Calabria.

Photo, British Official

Meet the Blitz Buggy, the Quack and Penguin

Italy is the latest portion of the earth's surface to receive the impress of the bullet-proof tires of the Jeep, famous blitz buggy which, since it came off the drawing-board two years ago, has poked its blunt, adventurous nose into nearly every battlefield. Told by PATRICK SPENCER, here is the story of this amazing mechanical midget which Gen. George S. Marshall, U.S. Chief of Staff, has described as America's main contribution to modern war.

THE ubiquitous jeep's latest progeny, an amphibian which treats land and water alike with equal contempt, has already earned for itself in action the affectionate nickname of the Quack. The comment of one American soldier who first saw a Quack side by side with its cousin, a Penguin—of which more later—was: "Give them babies a couple of wings and a tail, and the next thing you know they'll be goin' upstairs to smack at the Stukas!"

Not such a surprising suggestion when you realize how much the jeep has accomplished since the earliest models bucketed into action in the campaign in Burma. Some of their feats are almost unbelievable. Indeed, when two newspapermen who had driven from Burma into India in a jeep met an officer and told him so, he as good as intimated that they were liars. "There isn't a single road across these jungles and hills," he protested vehemently.

"Sh-h-h! Don't talk so loud," replied one of the correspondents. "Our jeep hasn't found out about roads yet, and we don't want to spoil her!"

THEY were jeeps which rescued rearguards in that epic of heroism, the retreat from Rangoon. Loaded down to their axles with weary troops, they tackled the world's worst road, from Rangoon to Lashio, and got through with their precious cargoes. But Burma is only one of the campaigns in which the jeep has played a big part since it emerged from the mind of its inventor.

It was in 1939 that Major (later Colonel) Robert Howie, of the U.S. Army, visualized an entirely new army vehicle—a fighting midget that would fill the gap between the motor-cycle and the larger armoured units. By March 1940 a pilot model was actually in existence.

Then the fun began! Month after month of gruelling tests, rebuilding, more tests, more rebuilding, and finally an "impossible" six weeks' test imposed by the Army over obstacles never before attempted by any kind of motor vehicle.

THE jeep came through those tests and production began in the autumn of 1941. The following year something like 100,000 of the tough little mechanical warriors poured off the lines. This year the figure is expected to reach a quarter of a million!

Not many people know how the jeep got its name. The early models had a big "G.P." (General Purposes) painted on their sides, and an American soldier seeing one standing in the parking ground of a training camp said, "Jeep, eh?" He didn't know it, but he had performed the christening ceremony of an infant prodigy whose name is now famous throughout the world.

If you haven't seen a jeep, it is a squat, purposeful little vehicle with a flat square-faced bonnet, beneath which is packed an engine that produces more than 60 horse-power. The jeep is only eleven feet long by about five feet wide—lightest of all army vehicles bar the motor-cycle—but it carries three soldiers and their equipment and a machine-gun at more than 70 miles an hour on its bullet-proof tires. It has six forward speeds and two reverse, the power in the land version being transmitted to all four wheels and hauling and shoving the jeep across rocks, sand, mud, jungle, and almost any sort of hopeless surface you can imagine.

And the jeep is almost indestructible. A Jap plane once dropped a 500-lb. bomb within ten yards of one, turning it tail-over-bonnet in a series of somersaults which killed its driver and threw the officer, riding as a passenger, out into a ditch. The officer picked himself up, heaved the jeep on to its wheels, slid into the driving seat, and—having recovered his breath—pushed on!

ADAPTABILITY OF THE JEEP, midget general-purposes vehicle, is illustrated by this astonishing scene. With crew aboard, and suspended from a wire cable attached to trees, a quarter-ton jeep is being pulleyed across an otherwise impassable ravine to negotiable ground on the far side. *Photo, New York Times Photos*

So it is not surprising that this gallant little vehicle holds a revered place not only in the U.S. Army but among those of our own troops who are handling it. The soldiers of today treat their jeeps with a sort of rough affection akin to that displayed by the old cavalrymen for their horses. It is not only loved—it is honoured!

Generals ride in jeeps as a matter of course. Mark Clark and Montgomery are using them to tour Allied positions in Italy. You have seen pictures of Gen. Alexander in his jeep in North Africa (see p. 678, vol. 6). The King rode in one in Northern Ireland. President Roosevelt, when he inspected American troops during the Casablanca conferences, chose to ride in a jeep in preference to the usual limousine. If that isn't an honour for a mechanical hero-of-all-trades, what is?

One can only touch on the multiple uses to which the jeep has been put in the two brief years of its existence. Among other things, jeeps have dragged ploughs to make airfields in Australia and elsewhere; they were the first vehicles to conquer precipitous heights and dense jungle on the new India-China supply route which replaces the Burma Road; they have been used for towing artillery, for mounting anti-aircraft guns and searchlights, as radio cars, snow-ploughs, fire engines, farm tractors—and a host of other thoroughly unlikely purposes. There isn't a battlefront in the world where the jeep's blunt snout hasn't pushed into the thick of the fighting.

AND now they've taught it to swim and ski! The Quack, with its boat-like hull, is merely our old friend the jeep with modifications. Built around the original chassis the hull is a completely nautical affair, with decked-over space fore and aft in which to store ammunition and equipment, and a power-operated nigger-head capstan in the bows which enables the Quack to haul itself up steep banks without calling on outside help. A bilge pump bales out water, and a 30-calibre machine-gun bales out bullets for the discouragement of anyone foolish enough to attempt to interfere with the Quack's brisk progress.

Completely amphibious, the Quack can roar up on its bullet-proof tires to a stretch of water, plunge in and froth across it, emerging on the opposite bank and continuing its journey across land without a perceptible pause. It can do this by reason of a lever which instantaneously switches the engine power from the wheels to a propeller beneath its stern, and vice versa as required.

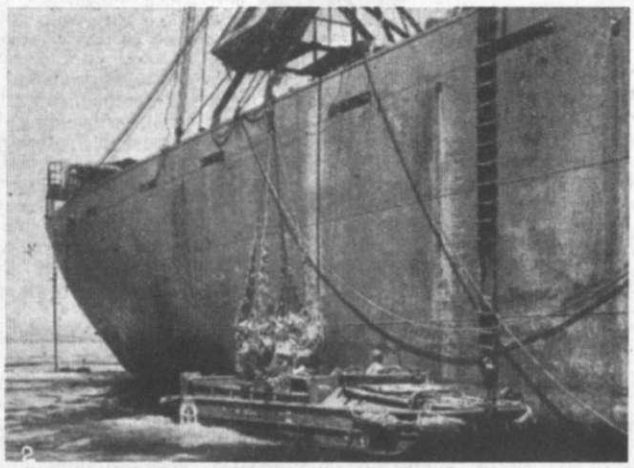
Before the appearance of the Quack one jeep driver produced his own emergency amphibian—in this case an improvised submarine! Bound by ship to an enemy beach, he took the precaution of soldering a vertical air-intake pipe to his carburettor in case of accidents. He had every cause to be mightily thankful for his prevision.

When he drove off the ramp of the landing craft he dropped up to his neck in the waves. But the jeep, gurgling and coughing spasmodically, clawed its way under the water, rising like Aphrodite from the foam of the sea and roaring into action across the beach.

EARLIER in this article I made a passing reference to the Penguin, cousin to the Quack. This is yet another version of the jeep, designed in this instance for use in sub-zero regions. Detachable skis fit over the front wheels, and a half-track attached to the rear axles gives it a caterpillar action. A small stove and special canvas blanket keep the engine sufficiently warm to give almost instantaneous starting even when the vehicle has been standing overnight in 40 degrees below zero. A Penguin recently under test skimmed over frozen snow at 30 miles an hour, dragging a whole platoon of ski troops in its wake.

Yes, the jeep has been almost everywhere, and it will be one of the first vehicles into Berlin and Tokyo. One of the very few things it hasn't done in this war is to collect a medal—and if machinery could win a V.C. then surely this gallant little blitz buggy would be entitled to it!

Equally at Home on Sea and Land—the 'DUKWS'



'DUCKS' THEY ARE CALLED in soldier slang, and it is easy to see why. In the first place there is something duck-like about these queer motor-barges-cum-trucks which are as much at home on the sea as on the land; and then their factory serial letters placed together spell 'DUKWS.' It was in the Sicilian campaign that these strange craft first came into prominence, but they were used before that by the Americans in the S.W. Pacific. Manned by personnel of the Pioneer Corps, they were used to convey supplies from ships moored offshore to inland dumps. They were used later in the invasion of the Italian mainland.

A typical duck—this one is a 3-tonner—is embarked at a North African port to play its part in the invasion of Sicily (1). And here it is on the job (2), alongside a Liberty ship—wartime-built cargo vessel—being loaded up. Its cargo delivered where the bridgehead men desire it, perhaps on the shore itself, perhaps farther inland, the duck returns for more (3). All stores landed, the duck can become a troop-carrier, like these (4), manned by British Tommies, proceeding inland from Reggio.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Theirs the Job to Keep the Cables Mended

In spite of the development of wireless, submarine cables are still of immense importance, particularly in time of war. Here Capt. FRANK H. SHAW tells of the ships whose job it is to keep the cables functioning in face of enemy attack as well as the wear and tear of Nature.

SINCE no wireless code is absolutely safe from solution, our deep-sea cables have an added importance in wartime; and since the armoured wires are vulnerable to enemy action, and even to chance mishap, their maintenance is a matter of utmost concern to those responsible. So the cable-ships play no small part in our island war-plan; and, notwithstanding the risk of U-boat and aircraft attack, they carry on their job, day in, day out, without advertisement. Indeed, the less advertisement they get the better pleased their crews are. No need to invite hostile attack unnecessarily!

With so many depth-charges bursting in their vicinity, under-sea cables are liable to "faults" on a far greater scale than ever before. Mines explode in startling proximity too; and airborne bombs are no respecters of locality, any more than is a hurrying destroyer in chase of a U-boat. No self-respecting destroyer-commander is going to miss an opportunity to "put paid" to a submarine through any consideration for the sea-cables. If such wires happen to be in the way of the bursting charge, so much the worse; it's just too bad. Hurriedly dropped anchors, too, might easily foul a cable and drag it to breaking-point; and it has been known for enemy vessels to grapple for, and cut, the submarine links with the outer world, just to prevent secret messages being transmitted from one ally to another. So the ring-nosed cable-ships are kept constantly under steam, ready for action at a moment's notice, prepared to go anywhere and take heart-stopping risks in fulfilment of their duty.

CABLE-SHIPS—Granny-ships they are styled—are fitted both to lay and repair the cables. Internally they are fitted with vast tanks, capable of holding a thousand miles of armoured wire. They are also mobile workshops; for when a cable is parted the break may well be a thousand miles from shore, and repair work must be carried out on the spot where the fault is discovered.

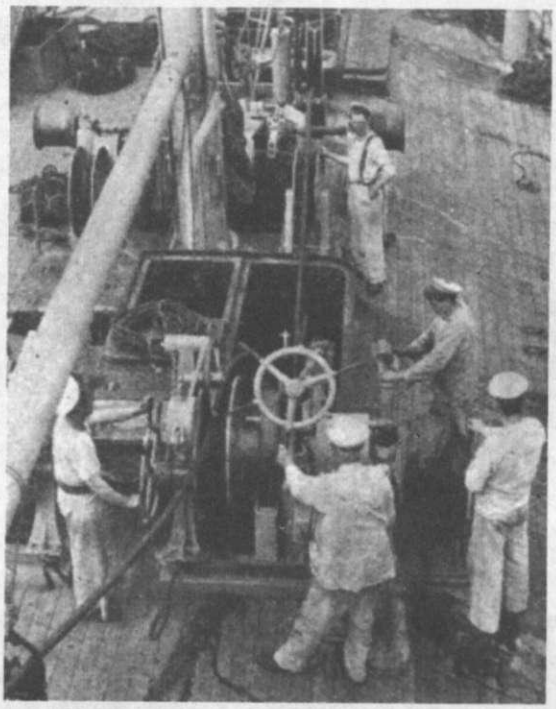
Needless to say the enemy does his best to frustrate such attempts; since, by breaking a line of communication, a tactical plan of campaign might well be thwarted. So, if it is at all possible, the "Grannies" are given armed protection, both against aircraft and against U-boats. Being defensively armed, too, they are able to play a part in their own protection; and the expert cable-mender of one minute may well become the determined gunlayer of the next.

Peacetime life in a cable-ship, though tending to monotony, is apt to be pleasant. There are no up-to-the-minute schedules to which to adhere, and there is ample society aboard; for the technical experts are always carried in addition to the actual crew. Moreover, if the cable-laying causes the cable-ship to use ports frequently, good contacts are made with desirable acquaintances ashore. The work is well-paid, food and accommodation are up to liner standard; and since such a ship may be sent to any corner of the world, the opportunities for varied travel are frequent. But war brings changes.

The ship, lying in a snug port, is suddenly warned that a fault exists in such and such a cable; she must stand by for instant service. An immediate hurry starts. Last-minute necessities are got on board. If the fault persists, off goes the Granny-ship. The break has probably been located to within a dozen miles, more or less; but, electricity being so instantaneous in action, only an approximate position can be given beforehand. The ship steams fast along the charted line taken by the cable when laid. She has to avoid mines and suchlike dangers, and she has to maintain tireless vigilance against air attack. Every object breaking the sea's surface is naturally cause for suspicion; it might be a U-boat's periscope—and U-boats sink at sight, irrespective of the nature of the target.

BAD weather is not permitted to interfere: cables are vital. Arrived at the approximate position, the grapnels are let go to the depth at which the cable is supposed to lie. When laid in deep ocean the electric link might stretch fairly tightly across from submarine mountain peak to mountain peak; but normally it follows the contours of the sea-floor. If an old cable, it is probably so overgrown with weed or coral formation as to be practically a part of the underwater geography. The ship zigzags systematically across the charted course of the wire; the many-tined grapnel dragging steadily. Maybe that grapnel fouls a solid body: if the rope is not paid out sufficiently quickly, or the engines are stopped too late, the grapnel and much of its rope may well become a total loss.

Sometimes it means days and nights of slow groping before the cable is discovered. It can be a tiring, exasperating toil. Even when the armoured wire is found, bringing the bight aboard is no light task. If the strain of three thousand miles of cable is considered, to drag a bight of that weight up from several thousand feet is heroic work. It sometimes happens that the dead drag breaks off the tines of the grapnel, thus releasing the enormously heavy catch; whereupon the long, slow, tedious sweeping has to recommence.



WORK ON A CABLE-SHIP in wartime is as dangerous as it is important. Here cable is being taken aboard—over the vessel's bow-sheaves and engine-drum—for coiling in one of the vast tanks below deck. From that store it will later be "fed" to the sea-bed as a new subterranean link, or used, in part, for replacement of a faulty length of existing cable.
Photo, Keystone

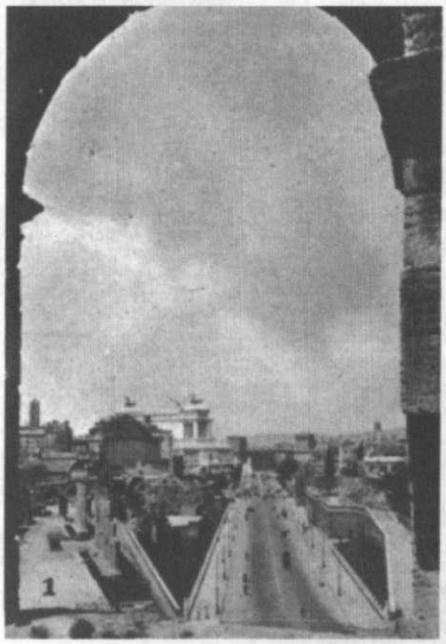
When the snared cable is got aboard, it is immediately cut for testing. This is no small matter. The deep-sea cable is a formidable affair, sheathed in protective coverings varying from rubber to hardened copper—this latter to resist the attack of undersea creatures, which gnaw through rubber as mice gnaw through cheese. Once cut, sparks are sent both ways of the wire: presently the fault is more or less precisely located. This done, the cut is repaired, the bight of the cable is passed over the wheel in the ship's bows, and the cable itself is "under-run"—being picked up, passed over the wheel, and dropped, clear of the propellers, until the scene of the fault is reached. This may take days. There may be more than one fault. The fault may be so distant from the point where the first pick-up was effected as to make it unprofitable to under-run all the way; whereupon the cable is thrown overboard, the ship steams back, grapples again until successful, and then carries on repair-work. Maybe a whole damaged section of cable needs to be cut out and replaced. Cable-splicing is an expert's job. Each cable might carry scores of individual wires, and the right ends must be brazed to those corresponding. Then the armouring has to be renewed.

NOT until signals have been tapped from one end of the line to the other is the task completed. Once the repairs are satisfactory the connecting link between great nations is lowered again to its ocean-bed for further functioning. The Granny-ship steams home, unless a wireless call deflects her to another fault in another line.

In dangerous seas, where air attack is frequent, repair work is preferably carried on by night, though the sweeping is a daylight task. Cases have been reported where enemy ships have themselves grappled the cables—their routes being marked on international charts—and either cut them for good, or tapped them to read the vitally secret messages constantly flashing to and fro. To grapple and cut a submarine cable also tends to bring a vitally important ship within range of the lurking U-boat that did the damage. So cable-ship men must work under similar conditions to the Biblical men of old who toiled with a spear in one hand and a spade in the other—only for spade substitute brazing iron and for spear an Oerlikon A.A. gun.

All cables in wartime are under G.P.O. control; and the Granny-ships are run under G.P.O. instructions. In peacetime the cable companies concerned with ownership maintain their own repair and laying ships.

IT may be, of course, that the chances of war demand entirely new cables shall be laid from land to land. If, say, Norway were occupied, an early movement would be to effect invulnerable communications between this country and that—across the stickiest stretch of water in the world, perhaps. The cable-ships would have to perform this service, notwithstanding the enemy's most vicious attacks. But their crews were trained well in peacetime; and they show no sign now of shrinking from the important, hazardous duty. It is doubly hazardous because of the slow pace at which a cable must be laid; this makes the ship a sitting shot for attack, though her escort naturally does its best to safeguard her in her precarious occupation. Many sensational victories are credited to these ships and men. They do great honour to the flag under which they sail.



1. Via dell' Impero from an arch of the Colosseum; in the distance the Victor Emmanuel II monument.

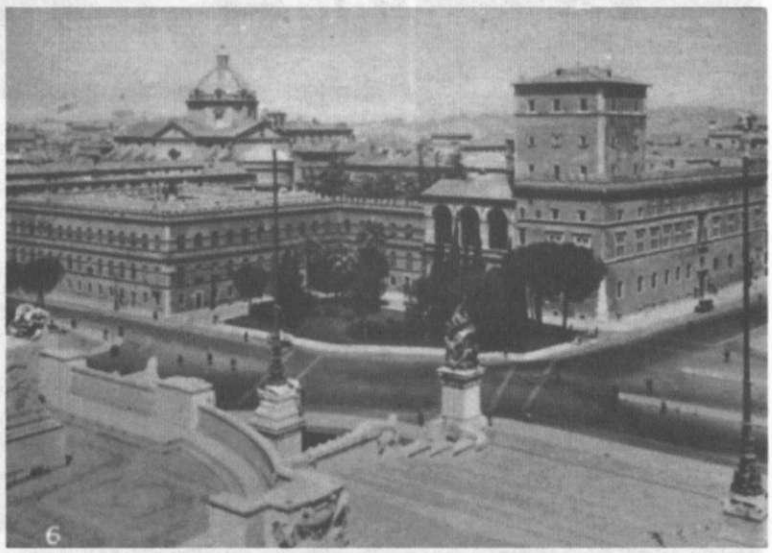
2. Arch of Titus, commemorating defeat of the Jews (A.D. 70). It spans the Via Sacra not far from the Colosseum.

3. Forum Romanum showing the only three columns that remain of the Temple of Castor and Pollux.

4. Church and Square of St. Peter, showing the Vatican on the right.

5. The Colosseum near the eastern end of the Via Sacra. It dates from A.D. 80 and was completed by the Emperor Titus.

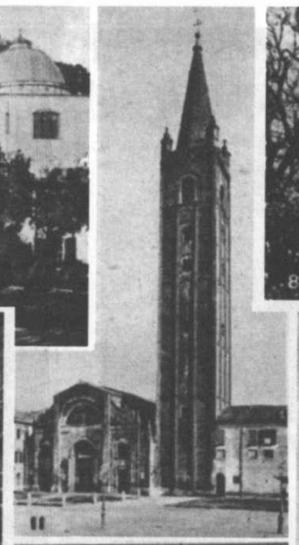
6. The Palazzo Venezia seen from the Victor Emmanuel monument. Until recently it was Mussolini's official home in Rome.

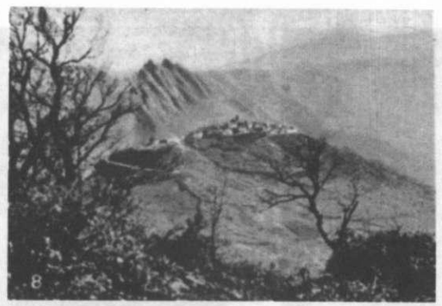


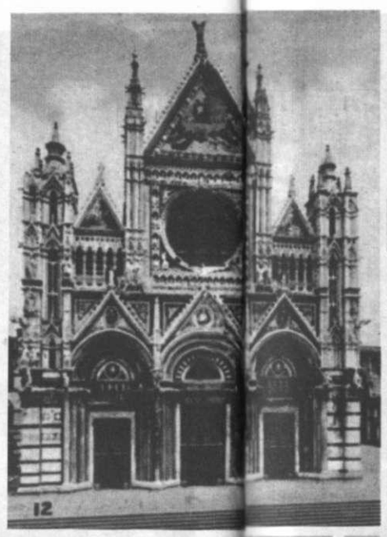
Photos, E.N.A.

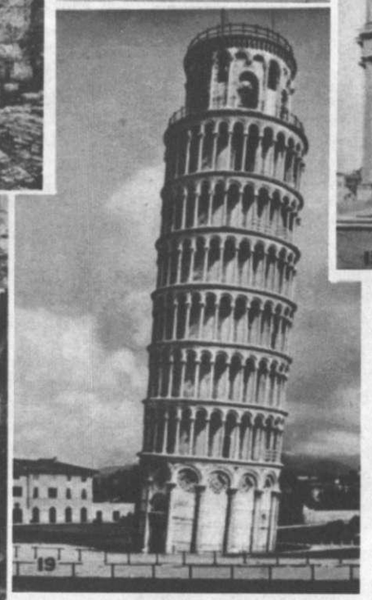
Rome Ancient and Modern at the Mercy of the Hun

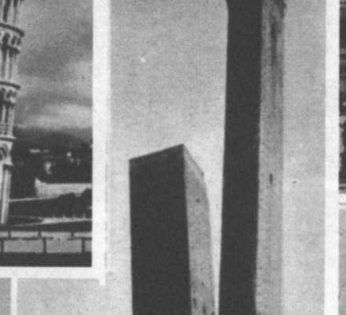
It is to be hoped that the modern Hun as he is driven from Italy's historic soil may be prevented from devastating its priceless memorials of antiquity as Hun and Goth and Vandal loved to do when raiding the lands of Ancient Rome. But as the new Barbarians are more bestial than the old who can say what havoc they may work among monuments of the past of which Italy is the world's treasure house?

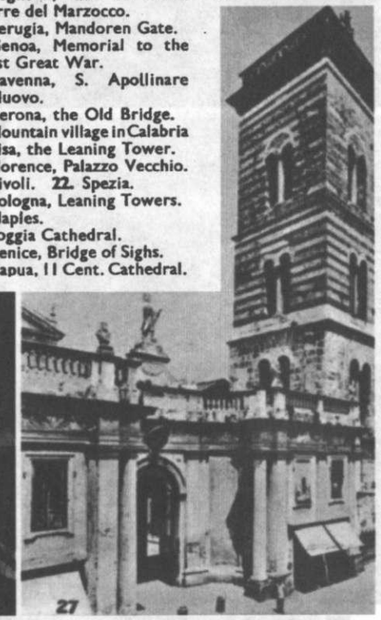












7. Salerno.
8. Scene in the Aspromonte.
9. Padua, St. Anthony's Church.
10. Amalfi, near Salerno.
11. Forli's 12 Cent. Campanile.
12. Siena Cathedral.
13. Leghorn, the 15 Cent. Torre del Marzocco.
14. Perugia, Mandoren Gate.
15. Genoa, Memorial to the First Great War.
16. Ravenna, S. Apollinare Nuovo.
17. Verona, the Old Bridge.
18. Mountain village in Calabria
19. Pisa, the Leaning Tower.
20. Florence, Palazzo Vecchio.
21. Tivoli. 22. Spezia.
23. Bologna, Leaning Towers.
24. Naples.
25. Foggia Cathedral.
26. Venice, Bridge of Sighs.
27. Capua, 11 Cent. Cathedral.

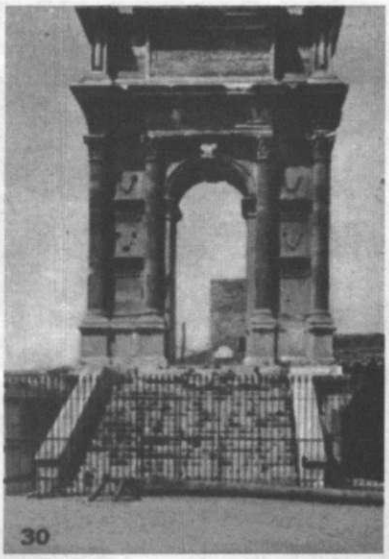
A Little Panorama of the Storied Italy—

In presenting our readers with this selection of world-famous landmarks in Europe's loveliest land, which British and American soldiers are at present endeavouring at great personal sacrifice to restore to the possession of the Italian people, we feel there will be a general desire on the part of the United Nations that, despite the determination of Nazi Germany to make Italy a battlefield, there will be no destruction which it is in the power of Anglo-American arms to prevent.

Photos, E.N.A. Pictorial Press, Associated Press, Paul Popper, Dorien Leigh, Keystone

—Our Soldiers Will Admire and Try to Save

The sites and scenes here illustrated are likely to be witnessed with pleasure and pride as our armies work their way northward to Lombardy, where between the Apennines and the Alps these German invaders with their puppet Duce will probably have to make their last stand, and the heaviest fighting will surely be witnessed. Italy has known many invaders, but Mussolini and his Fascists had never envisaged the country they have betrayed becoming the latest Cockpit of Europe.



28. Pompeii, the Temple of Apollo, largely restored after A.D. 63.
29. Paestum: the Greek Temple of Poseidon dating from 5 Cent. B.C.
30. Ancona, the Triumphal Arch of Trajan, erected in A.D. 115.
31. Baia, favourite resort of Imperial Rome, remains of the Great Hall of the magnificent baths.
32. Ostia, the Temple of Vulcan; once the pride of Rome's seaport.
33. Frascati, the Villa Falconieri, built by Cardinal Ruffini in 1546.
34. Vesuvius in eruption.
35. Rimini, a side view of the Arch of Augustus.

Majestic Ruins of Time's Own Making

Photos, E.N.A.

The most impressive ruins of Greek architecture in Southern Italy are to be seen at Paestum, and already many of our soldiers have had the rare privilege in beholding these to get a "close-up" of what Greco-Roman culture achieved when men's minds were bent on creating beauty instead of destroying it. At Tivoli the beauty of nature will appeal to them when our armies of relief have got to the neighbourhood of Rome; at Ostia they will see what remains of Rome's imperial port, a flourishing city once; at Baia beyond Naples, once the luxury resort of Imperial Rome, only a vestige of the great domed hall of the magnificent baths endures. Everywhere in Italy these time-made ruins will turn the thoughts of the men who compose our armies of relief to the wonder and the beauty of "the grandeur that was Rome."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

ONE of the mysteries that historians may in time be able to clear up is how far Trotsky deserved credit for the creation of the magnificent fighting force which is driving the Nazi invaders out of Russia and has won the admiration of the world—not to mention its gratitude as well. So long as he remained in favour Trotsky was given this credit. Directly he fell into disgrace, through his own obstinacy in wanting to stir up "world revolution," his name was erased from any connexion with the building-up of the military might of the U.S.S.R.

A year or two after his fall I went through the museum and picture gallery at the War Office in Moscow. The only trace of him was as a figure in a large group, an inconspicuous figure which I felt the Soviet officials would have obliterated if it could have been done without spoiling the photograph.

The authors of The Red Army (Allen & Unwin, 16s.) do not discuss this question. They make very little reference to Trotsky. Apparently Michel Berchin and Eliahu Ben-horin are content to leave it to history. They are both Russian, but they do not claim personal knowledge of the facts they assemble about the formation, training and exploits of the Soviet forces. They leave unsolved also the problem of the 1937 purge which removed Tukhachevsky (a Deputy Marshal of the Red Army) and so many more of the ablest Russian commanders.

THEY do not even mention the circumstantial stories that have strongly suggested, if not actually revealed, the plot hatched between some of these (at any rate) and German military chiefs to upset Stalin—and possibly Hitler too. They show Tukhachevsky as immensely vain, believing in *Fuehrer*-rule (by himself, no doubt), hating democracy, preferring barbarism to Christianity—in short, a Nazi by conviction as well as by temperament. Just the man for cunning Germans to get hold of and infect with treason !.

The authors have an extremely high opinion of his professional ability. "The real brain of the Red Army," they call him. But it has managed to do very well without him and without those who were liquidated at the same time. The number of them is quoted from the writer known as "General Krivitsky," who puts it at 35,000. The book admits this is "probably exaggerated" and expresses a doubt as to Krivitsky's general trustworthiness. But their quoting him at all shows how carefully all their sources of information must be examined.

THEY do not mention, in their account of the Finnish campaign, in which the Russians began so badly, the belief among the Kremlin rulers that the Red troops would only have to march in and be welcomed with enthusiasm by the mass of the Finnish people. That is the explanation of the ineffective start, the absence of any prepared plan of operations, the lack of winter clothing for the troops, the delay in putting ski units into the field. The Soviet leaders were misled, their information was incorrect, they were astonished when the Finns showed fight. Of this the authors seem to be unaware. Though they quote Litvinov's admission that "the Red Army had not prepared for war against Finland," they "find it difficult to understand why the Soviet Government decided on war." It did not so decide ; it blundered into it under a disastrously wrong impression.

Whether Litvinov was right in surmising that "Hitler drew incorrect conclusions from initial setbacks of the Soviet Army during the Finnish campaign" is doubtful. If that was so, both Hitler and those who were his military advisers at the time must have been wishful thinkers of the most credulous type. For twenty years the Red forces had been not only growing in numbers, but steadily increasing their efficiency.

Heavily handicapped at first by the demoralization of the Tsar's regiments and by the crack-brained zeal of many Bolshevik organizers, they rapidly improved in fighting quality and by the end of 1919 there were three millions of them, far superior in every way to the Tsarist troops, whose equipment and spirit filled me with dismay when I joined them on the Galician front in 1915.

By 1917 they had lost the dogged, bull-headed courage they were showing then. "They run away in panic, throwing away their arms, as soon as a German helmet appears on the horizon," their commander-in-chief reported. Their one desire was to quit fighting and get back to their homes. A new army had to be called into being.

Background of the Red Army

What the rulers in the Kremlin decided was that it should be as different as possible from the old army. In that, what passed for discipline was mere brutality. I have seen officers strike men in the face furiously for trifling faults. I have seen sergeants and corporals kicking and beating unfortunate peasants because they were not quick in understanding orders bawled at them. I knew of cases in which officers were shot by their men.

If some of the higher-ups, whose muddling and dishonesty sent men into battle with sticks in their hands instead of rifles, and limited batteries to half a dozen shells a day, and provided equipment far inferior to that of the enemy in many respects—if some of them could have been shot also, justice would have been done.

I remember going up in a battle-plane in 1916 and marvelling at the way it held together. "Flying coffins" aircraft were nicknamed then ; it wasn't much of an exaggeration, either. The new Government resolved to develop civil aviation as quickly and competently as possible, and "never lost sight of the use to be made of it in a future war." The result was that when war came the Red Air Force was as good as any, and in some ways ahead of all the rest. It led the way, for instance, in the training of paratroops.

I have mentioned in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED before, I think, how I saw at a Russian Embassy party in 1936 a film showing the descent of hundreds of soldiers with parachutes from aircraft. This had been already practised then for three years at least, and at that time no one else was doing it. The Soviet Air Force designers led the way also in giving it both the "flying tank" and the anti-tank plane. The coffins are now required for the other side !

THOSE who imagined the Germans would drive Soviet troops before them as they had driven French, Belgian and Dutch had no idea of the leadership under which the Red Army was trained. Leadership both in the field and in the rear have been of the highest quality during the war. Stalin has picked his commanders for their initiative, their enterprise, their readiness to do and dare. He wants men, he told H. G. Wells, "who understand that the enemy is not going to surrender ; he must be crushed," but, he added, boldness in itself is not enough. "When your offensive is successful, forces must be regrouped, positions taken must be secured, reserves must be brought into play to follow up the success and bring the offensive to its triumphant conclusion."

It is clear that Stalin found men who could grasp and act upon this idea, one of the oldest and truest of war maxims, yet one that is very often neglected. By just these tactics the Russian victories have been won. And they were won in advance on the manoeuvre grounds, where the troops had "true rehearsals for real war."

And in the way that Stalin lectures his nation when he has fault to find, so did Timoshenko after the 1940 manoeuvres tell off the armies that had been engaged in them. He pointed out many defects, he blamed officers who did not take the exercises seriously enough, he demanded better organization, better Intelligence service, more initiative for small units, and so on. In all ways the Russians prepared for war, in which the whole population should take part. That explains their success, as this book with its numerous very fine photographs so lucidly and fully explains the preparation.

CROSSING WATER BY RUBBER DINGHY is an essential part of the training of Red Army recruits, for the Russian battle front has numerous wide rivers and spacious lakes. When the Russians reached and crossed the Dnieper in late September 1943, thousands of their stormboats were in action on the river ferrying the victorious Soviet troops to its western bank.

French Air Squadron Fights on Russian Front

VICTORIOUS PILOTS of the French Normandie Squadron (see text at foot of page) return to their well-equipped Soviet base (1) after yet another operational flight against the Nazis on the Russo-German front.

These bright puppies (2) were born at the aerodrome and, as well-loved pets, have accompanied the pilots on numerous flights. Testifying to successful combats are these swastikas painted on the side of a French pilot's machine (3); they are a proud reminder of Nazi aircraft shot down.

The pilots' scanty leisure moments are sometimes devoted to a game of cards outside a squadron dug-out (4), and good-fellowship is furthered by draughts of Russian beer—taking the place of the Normandy cider for which these valiant flyers doubtless long: and, with luck, will taste again some day.

Photos, Pictorial Press—Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

2

3

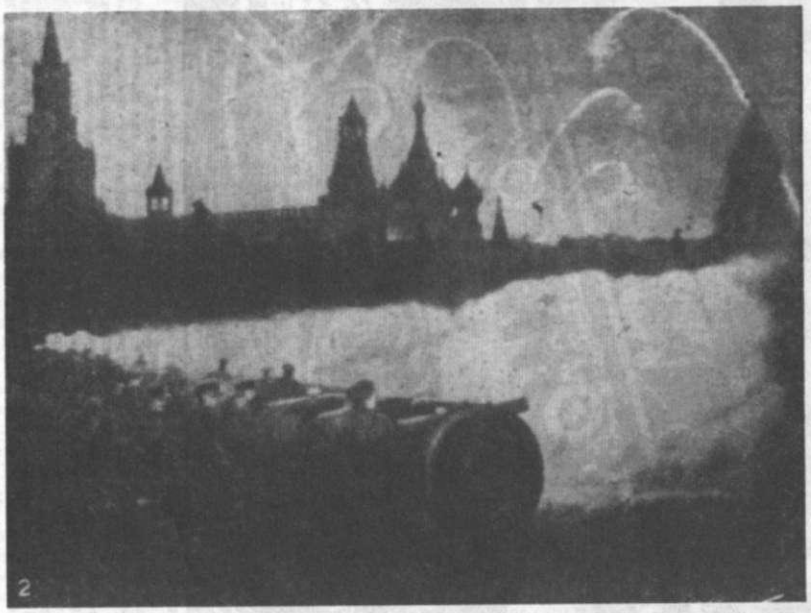
4

FRENCH Fighter Squadron, formed on the initiative of Gen. de Gaulle and known as the Normandie Squadron—the title was conferred by Gen. Vallene, then head of the Fighting French Air Force—has been in almost constant action against the enemy on the Soviet-German front since December 1942.

Most of these specially selected pilots are veterans of battles in the skies of Britain, France and Libya, and some have been decorated and mentioned in Soviet communiqués. The squadron is commanded by 31-year-old Major Jean Louis Tulan, recently awarded the Soviet Order of the Patriotic War, First Class. Invited to the Red Air Force Headquarters, Moscow, he himself chose the sector on which his squadron was to fight. The fact that it was a "hot" sector naturally made these French air-warriors very popular with the Russians.

Its steadily mounting score of German fighter and bomber aircraft pays eloquent testimony to the squadron's skill and tenacity of purpose and to its fast, highly manoeuvrable and well-armed Yak I planes.

Triumphant Red Army Reaches the Dnieper Line



MOSCOW'S VICTORY GUNS have thundered almost nightly in acclamation of victories since the fall of Orel and Byelgorod on August 5, 1943; the Kremlin, symbol of Soviet might, is silhouetted (2) by their flashes. On September 23, Poltava, last German stronghold before the Dnieper River, fell, and the Red Army was threatening Smolensk, Kiev and the whole of the Crimea peninsula (see map).

Smolensk and Roslavl were stormed two days later, and by September 27 Red Army Guards Divisions had forced crossings of the Dnieper north and south of Kiev; the latter was being abandoned and the Red Army was within 80 miles of Poland.

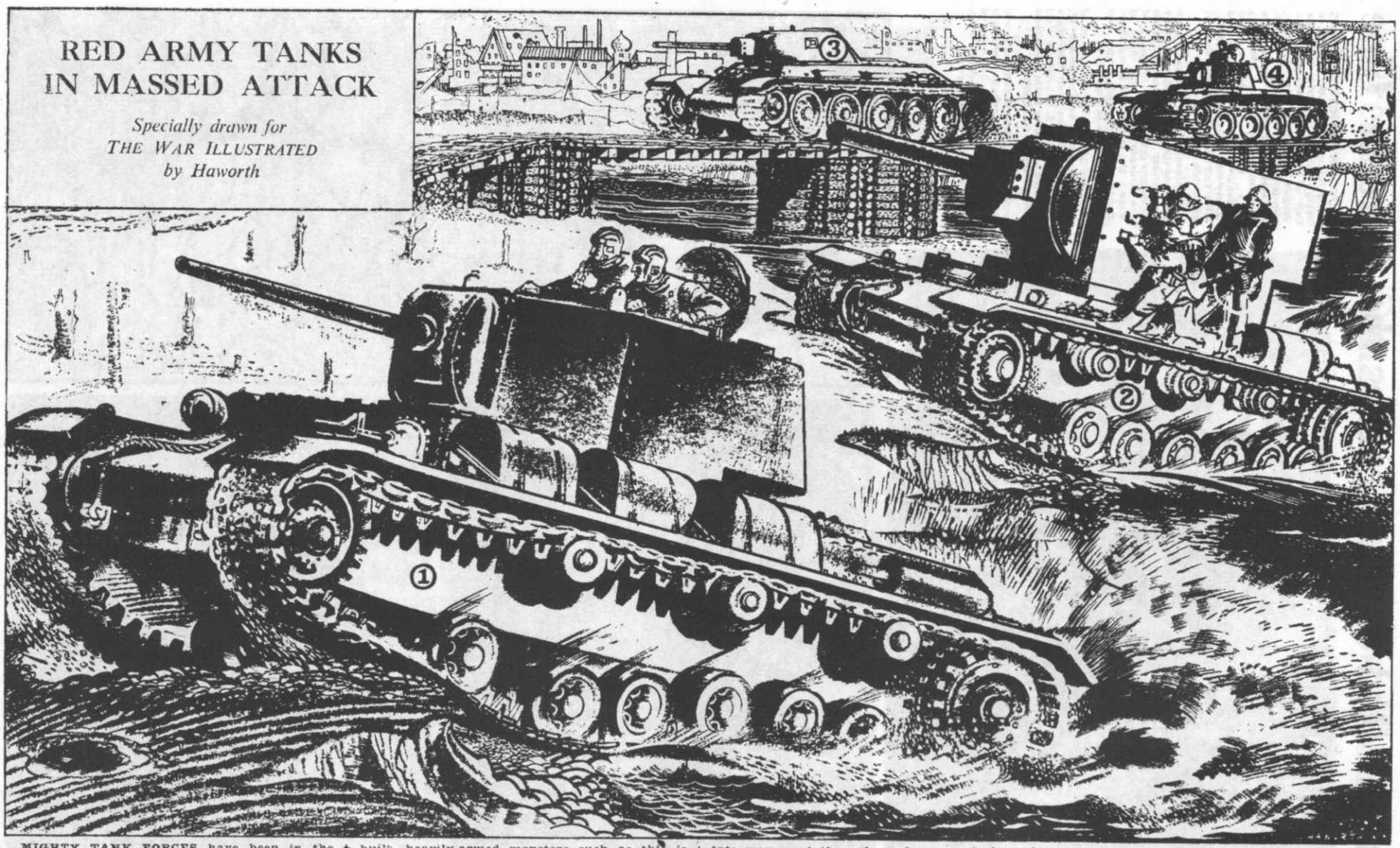
In the German Desna bastion of Bryansk, freed on September 17, citizens welcome their liberators (3) led by Col. S. Ukrainets; (1) Russian engineers build a pontoon bridge across the Desna.

On September 29 the Red Army captured Kremenchug; two days earlier Soviet troops had entered a suburb of Dnepropetrovsk, farther down the Dnieper.

Photos, U.S.S.R. Official, Pictorial Press. Map by courtesy of The Daily Express

RED ARMY TANKS IN MASSED ATTACK

Specially drawn for
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED
by Haworth



MIGHTY TANK FORCES have been in the forefront of battle at most points of the vast Eastern front throughout the amazingly sustained Russian offensive of 1943. Clashes of armoured vehicles on a scale that almost defeats the imagination have gone in our Ally's favour, aiding sensational advances.

Above is a representative group of Russian tanks crossing a shallow river, almost on the heels of retreating German troops. In the foreground one of the heavier types (1) is grinding its way up the muddy bank; the weight of low-built, heavily-armed monsters such as this is between 30 and 40 tons. Farther back (2) is another heavy tank, with even larger turret and gun; the punching power of this type being very great, it is used to reduce obstinately defended and heavily fortified strong-points.

Crossing the wooden bridge in the background are two smaller types: a cruiser tank (3) with powerful quick-firing gun and massive armour, and (4) a fast-moving general purposes vehicle. One notable feature of all Russian tanks is the exceptionally wide track to facilitate movement through mud, snow, slush, and forest swamps. Large numbers of tanks in action on the Soviet front have, of course, been supplied by Britain and America as replacements of inevitable casualties.

The latter are, naturally, on a high scale—higher, it would appear, in the case of German tanks. For example, in a special Moscow communiqué giving details of losses inflicted on the enemy on the Orel and Byelgorod front during one month alone—the period July 5, 1943, when the German summer offensive began, to August 5, the day on which the Russians definitely turned the tables and took Orel and Byelgorod—it was claimed that 4,605 German tanks had been destroyed and 521 captured.

But mere numbers and weight of metal are not alone accountable for all the Red successes in the tank battles that have now become almost a commonplace. The tank crews are the heart and soul of the metal monsters; with their unquenchable spirit, and the superb leadership with which they are blessed, the impossible in battle has frequently been shown to be possible.

THE HOME FRONT

by E. Royston Pike

MOBILIZATION has reached a stage in this country that has not been excelled by any other country in the War. This was the proud claim of Mr. Bevin, Minister of Labour, made on the occasion of a debate on man-power in the House of Commons on September 23, 1943. In one and the same war Britain has provided a great continental army, a great navy and a great air force, and supplied and maintained all the mechanical equipment needed for a mechanized war. Any expert who had been asked before the War if such a thing were possible would have answered, No. Yet "we have had to do it and we have done it," and we can take credit for a triumph of British organization.

"I have registered every man from 18 to 51," went on Mr. Bevin, "and all women from 18 to 47—10 million men and 10 million women . . . I began with a population between the ages of 16 and 64 of 33 million people. Of these, 22,750,000 are in the Services, Civil Defence, or paid employment either in the munitions industry or carrying on the civil life of the community. That includes 700,000 part-time women. There are nearly 16 million males between 14 and 64, and 15 millions are in the Services or paid employment. Of the 17 million women between 14 and 64, 7,750,000 are in the Services or paid employment, and over a million are doing unpaid voluntary work which, if they were not doing it, I should have to find paid persons to do."

OF single women between 18 and 40, ninety-one per cent are working. Over 80 per cent of married women of that age-group without children are engaged in the war effort. "More than a million men and women over 65 are doing full-time paid employment in the war effort," said Mr. Bevin. "In Merseyside and Manchester, the great mouth of England at the present moment, the average age of the docker is nearly 51, and he is giving a remarkable turn-round of ships under present circumstances. I saw a man there the other day aged 83 wheeling 3 cwt. bags of Cuban sugar. I do not think I have been hard on other people when these examples are borne in mind" —a reference to the many complaints voiced in the debate against the registration and call-up of women between 45 and 50. Over 2,500,000 women have been recruited to the Forces and industry from the non-manual and non-industrial classes; and of the million persons added to the Forces and munitions between July 1942 and June 1943 two-fifths were drawn from the non-industrial classes. Today we are employing 2,250,000 more people on munitions than at the end of the last war.

BUT great as has been the national effort, a greater is called for. Examining the strategy of the war that lies ahead, the Prime Minister, as Minister of Defence, has made a demand for more labour. So it is that in what is left of 1943 and half of 1944, Mr. Bevin has to find 700,000 more workers. As a result, the intake to the women's Services has been reduced to a minimum (much to the disappointment of many of the girls affected), women are being registered up to 50, ex-cotton operatives up to 55 are being brought back to the mills, boys and girls of 16 and 17 are to be directed into the aircraft industry, surface workers are being sent down the mine.

It was against this background of great need and as great effort that the Minister justified his call to the middle-aged woman to take up work of a definite "war" description. And let it be said that there were few criticisms from the women themselves; it was the men-folk who did most of the protesting. They feared the effect on home life if the presiding genius were withdrawn; they urged—with much force—that the Civil Service might well do with a thorough combing, and alleged that many of the women already enlisted in the Services and at the work-bench were not fully or properly occupied.

A few hours before he was due to introduce into the Commons his eagerly-awaited "pay-as-you-earn" income-tax plan, Sir Kingsley Wood, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, collapsed and died in his London flat. His passing was sincerely mourned, not least by those who sat on the opposite benches; and in the Commons on September 23 many a tribute was paid to his memory and achievements. At the Treasury he was an unexpected success. His Chancellorship, said Mr. Churchill, will be historic, since it represents by far the greatest financial effort in our history. The last of his three Budgets in particular was a triumph.

3,000 TONS OF STEEL will be released for the war effort when London's temporary Waterloo Bridge is demolished. Of this, 95 per cent will be utilized by the War Office. The remainder will go to make shells and bombs. Here, railway construction men of the R.E.s, who are helping in the demolition, are lowering one of the steel trusses. *Photo, Fox*

Out of £5,700 millions, half was raised by taxation, the most severe taxation (said the Premier) ever imposed by a Government or loyally accepted by the taxpayers. "All the greatest economists, John Stuart Mill at their head, have always spoken of the evils of borrowing for the purposes of war, and have pointed out that so far as possible posterity should be relieved and that the cost of what is consumed in the war should be met at the time. That is a counsel of perfection, but nobody has ever come nearer to it than the late Chancellor of the Exchequer."

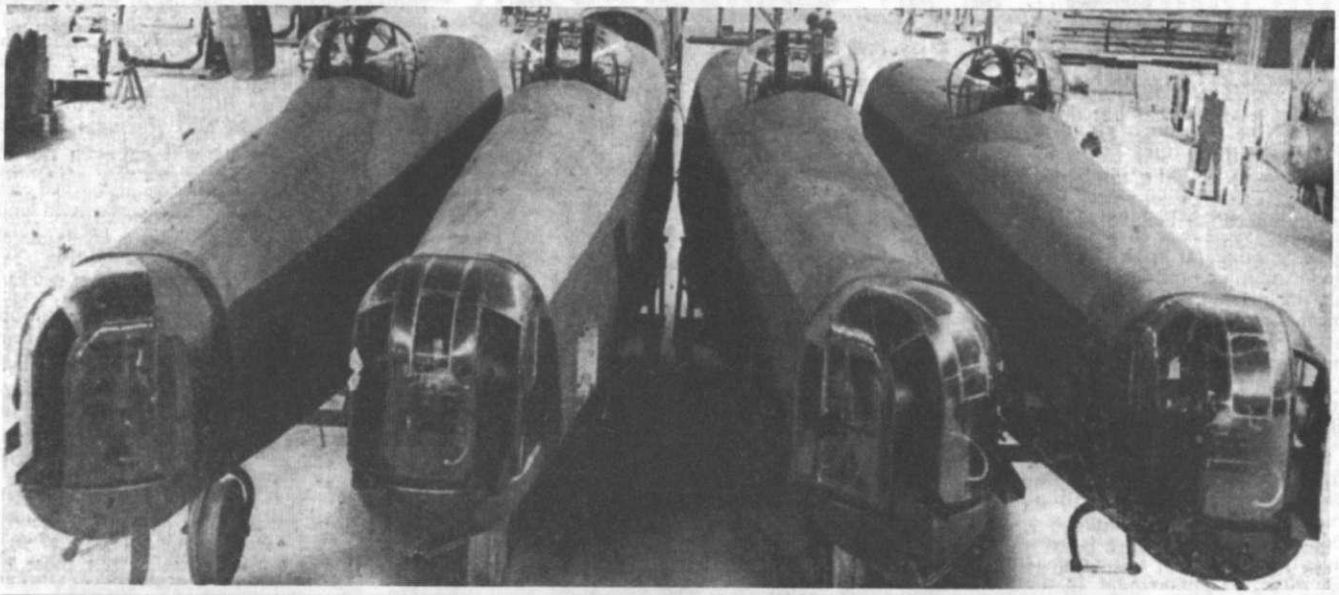
The "pay-as-you-earn" plan will be regarded as Sir Kingsley Wood's monument, and it was an unkind fate that prevented him from explaining the scheme to which he had devoted intense thought and all the ingenuity of his mind. As it was, it was introduced by Mr. Assheton, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and a full explanation was published in a White Paper. Briefly put, from the first pay-day after April 5 next the great majority of income-tax payers will pay tax, not as heretofore on their previous year's income, but on the income that is actually earned each week. In order to give the scheme a good send-off, income-tax that will have accumulated for the present year—representing ten months' tax for some ten millions of workers—will be excused by the Government, which means a loss to the Treasury of £250 millions (but about half this sum would have been returnable in the shape of post-War credits).

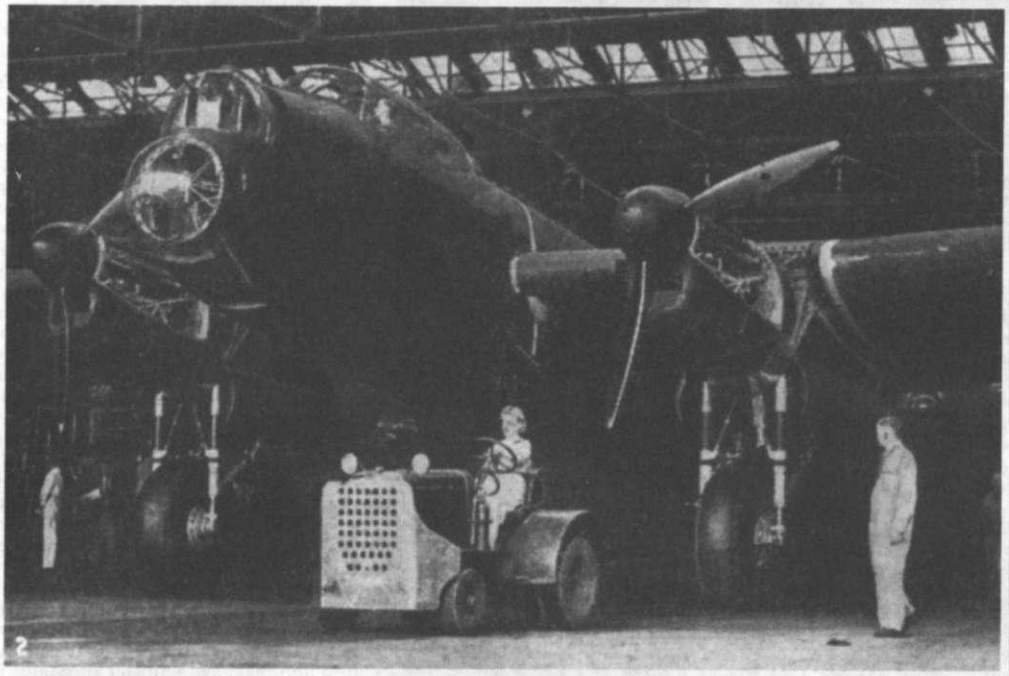
Small wonder that the proposals were most gladly received by all who were affected by them, the only grumblers being those—small shopkeepers, for instance, and those wage and salary earners who are paid on a monthly or yearly basis—who were excluded from the plan. Within a few hours the postbags of M.P.s were bulging with appeals from those left outside the plan, urging most strongly that the whole body of income-tax-payers should be given the benefit of the new proposals.

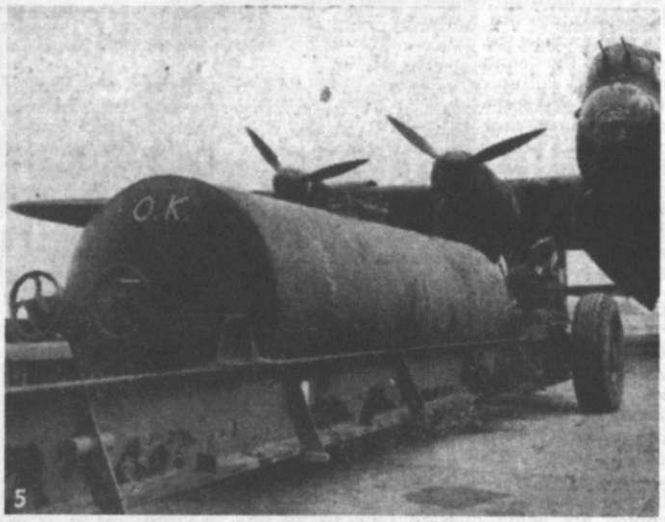
TWO days after Sir Kingsley Wood's passing the announcement was made from No. 10, Downing Street that Sir John Anderson was to be his successor at the Treasury. The appointment was well received, for Sir John has not only held such high positions as Home Secretary and Governor of Bengal, but he was for a number of years a prominent Civil Servant. His experience as Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue for several years after the last war should serve him in good stead in his new post. It may be remarked, too, that he sits in the House as a "National," without prefix or suffix. At the same time it was announced that Mr. Attlee, while still remaining Deputy Prime Minister, was to succeed Sir John Anderson as Lord President of the Council, and Lord Cranborne was to follow Mr. Attlee at the Dominions Office. Furthermore, Lord Beaverbrook rejoined the Government—this time as Lord Privy Seal (vice Lord Cranborne); and Mr. R. K. Law, son of the Conservative Premier of a generation ago, became Minister of State, it being understood he would continue as Mr. Eden's principal lieutenant at the Foreign Office.

Many months ago the Ministry of Health announced that it was about to build 3,000 cottages for farm-workers (the critics said that 30,000, or even 300,000, were actually needed). By August 1,644 of the 2,730 houses for which tenders had been approved were actually under construction (see illus. p. 258), and on September 24 Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, said that work was in progress on 1,974. Two had been completed, but were not yet occupied. This statement gave rise to laughter of a rather ribald kind, since, the week before these two cottages had been opened by the Minister with what one member called a great flourish of trumpets. "If it takes seven months to produce two cottages, how many centuries will it take to build 3,000?" asked another, to the accompaniment of further derisive laughter and cheers. As for the cottages themselves, they look charming enough, but their lay-out has come in for criticism. Insufficient cupboards, and hot-water pipes going through the larder. Well, well! Are there no domesticated males in Whitehall?

This British Night Bomber Drops 18,000-lb. Load







THE FOUR-ENGINED LANCASTER, one of Bomber Command's most potent weapons, carries a greater weight and flies faster than any other British night bomber. We are building these planes in impressive numbers. On the assembly lines (1) fuselage sections await fitting to the body of the machine, which when completed (2) is hauled from the shop to the runway (4) for its first flight by the test pilot. Found flawless, it is ready to take aboard an 8,000-lb. bomb (5); the full bomb-load is 18,000-lb. Flight Sgt. Reg. Burgar, with mascot, leaps from the first Canadian-built Lancaster to be flown to Britain (3). See Berlin raid story, opposite page.

Photos, British Official; P.N.A., Fox

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

We Recorded a Big Bombing Raid on Berlin

Two B.B.C. men and recording gear went with the R.A.F. Lancasters that bombed Berlin on the night of September 3, 1943. Recording Engineer was Reginald Pidsley; the Observer was W. Vaughan Thomas, who in an enthralling broadcast the following day (published here by courtesy of the B.B.C.) introduced the records they made on their perilous trip.

THAT'S the roar of the four powerful engines of F for Freddie—a Lancaster with 42 raids to its credit. And Reg Pidsley, our Recording Engineer, and I can still hear it drumming in our ears, just as we heard it all last night on those eight long hours on our way to Berlin. F for Freddie roared down the long runway of the aerodrome and then lifted with its heavy bomb-load into the evening sky.

Ken, our Captain, headed F for Freddie in between the searchlights from the Dutch coast, and we set course over the cloud-covered land for Berlin. We were lucky. We were flying with a crew that knew every trick of the trade. Ken, the pilot, was a veteran, and so was Bill, our bomb-aimer. Then there was Con, the Australian navigator, and Jock, the Scottish Flight Lieutenant.

They'd done the trip before, while Sparky—our wireless operator—well, to make certain he had brought along a small white doll as a mascot for luck. Then the two vitally important men—we could hardly see forward in the aircraft—Fieldhouse in the mid-upper and Dev, our rear-gunner, in their turrets: the men who guarded us as we flew deeper and deeper into Germany.

SUDDENLY, Jock gave me a nudge. Over the clouds ahead I could just see a dull red glow. We heard Ken's voice then on the inter-com, "That's it, lads, the big city!" There was our target—Berlin. So Reg Pidsley made his last preparations for recording as the glow just started to resolve itself into a hedge of searchlights woven criss-cross over the night sky. Now the cloud below us started to thin out. Berlin was right ahead, and we were going in to bomb.

Now what follows are the recordings we made on the run over the target. Our voices will sound strange and slow, and certainly a bit forced now and then, but remember we were talking in oxygen masks thousands of feet up. You'll hear a bump and a crack half-way through. That's where our Lancaster leapt upwards as our huge four-thousand-pound bomb was released. But these recordings mirror exactly what we and the crew felt and did on that run over Berlin. Ken, our Captain, gave the signal, we started our run in, and at the same time started this recording:

FIRST thing we can see now is a wall of searchlights—not the thirty that we saw as we came in from the coast; they're in hundreds, in cones and clusters. It's a wall of light with very few breaks, and behind that wall there's a pool of fiercer light. It's glowing red and green and blue, and over that pool there are myriads of flares hanging in the sky. That's the city itself.

And there in the heart of the glow, there goes a bigger, a red flash—the biggest we've yet seen—that must be the first of the big four-thousand-pound bombs going down. There's flak coming up at us now. All we see is a quick red glow from the ground—then up it comes on a level—a blinding flash. One went then, and it was pretty near; our aircraft rocked. But it's pretty obvious as we're coming in now through the searchlight cones that it's going to be hell over the city itself. There's one comfort, it's going to be quite soundless, because the roar of our engines is drowning every other sound.

We're running straight into the most gigantic display of soundless fireworks in the world. We're due over our target in about two minutes' time, and Bill, our bomb-aimer, is forward; he's lying prone over his bomb sight. And the searchlights are coming nearer now all the time. There's one cone split again and then it comes together. They seem to splay out at first like the tentacles of an octopus waiting to catch you. Then they stop, they come together again, and this time as they come together they've got a Lancaster right in the centre. It's up to us.

IT'S getting too hot with these searchlights and we've starting weaving. Our pilot's put the nose of the Lanc down and we're pelting away at a furious angle. Up comes our starboard wing. It's hidden that Lancaster now. But light flak is coming to us as we're coming out of the searchlight belt, coming up more towards the inner defences. That light flak starts slowly. There they come—just a series of red dots—starting at the ground—as it comes up it's leaping past us—going right past our starboard wing—starting slowly and then whipping past in red flashes. They're being pumped up at us in a steady stream.

Now a flare drops right ahead, and from it breaks a fantastic shower of green lights, scintillating as they fall. That was a near one; that must have been heavier flak, because it gave us a flash that sent us rocking. The skipper's just called out on the inter-com, "We've got a long bomb run-in; it's going to take us some time, but the bomb-aimer's ready!" So I knock off as he goes over to the inter-com. And here we go to drop our bombs on Berlin.

"Hullo, skipper."
"Hullo, navigator."
"Half a minute to go."
"O.K. Thanks for reminding me. Keep weaving, Ken. There's quite a lot of light stuff coming up as well—falling off a bit low."
"Hullo, engineer, skipper here. Will you put the revs. up, please."
"O.K. Keep weaving. A lot of searchlights and fighter flares, skipper, there now."
"O.K. boys, O.K."
"Left—bomb doors open! Hullo, bombardier. O.K. when you are—bomb doors open."
"Bomb doors open, bombardier."
"Right—steady, steady—there's a long time yet—a little bit longer yet. O.K. steady. Right a little bit—steady."
"Bombs going in a minute."
"Two, three. Bombs still going. Jerry tracer behind us, boy."
"Where is he, rear-gunner? Can you see him?"
"Down. Down. He's shot down!"
"Did you shoot him down?"
"Yes, we've got him, boys, right in the middle! Bloody good show!"
"Keep weaving. There's some flak coming up."
"O.K. Don't all shout at once."
"Photograph taken."
"O.K. photograph taken."
"Hullo, skipper, will you turn on to Zero 81."
"Right, Zero 81, navigator. Don't all speak at once now. Keep quiet, it's O.K."
"Hullo, mid-gunner, did you recognize that fighter you shot off?"
"No, I didn't recognize it, but it's definitely going down now."
"Good, Jimmy, I can see it, boys. Good show! I can see it now. I can see him burning. Don't he look lovely!"
"Good show, lads! Now keep your eyes open."
"O.K., cap. Keep steady. All O.K."

FLT. LIEUT. K. H. F. LETFORD, of Plumstead, London, piloted the Lancaster which figures in the Berlin bombing raid story in this page. He has since been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Now we can see him too. He's going down all right. He's burning in a huge flare. And the searchlights get on to him—a cone of twenty swing on to him. We can see him falling now right into that central glow. As he drops the whole searchlight cone is swinging back, swinging on to us. The main searchlight is probing for us all the time. Its beam swings past us now. Our pilot's weaving—he's getting out of it. Down goes the nose of the Lancaster.

We feel ourselves being flung around. The wings dip. We're swinging away. That main beam's getting farther and farther away. We're out of it, and once we're through that searchlight, as we weave, I've got a glimpse of that furious glowing carpet of light that's all we can now see of Berlin. We're beating out of it for home as fast as we can. . . .

Yes, we set course for home, and all the way I kept looking back at the glow in the sky until miles away I recorded our last glimpse of Berlin:

At last we're out of the searchlights. We've left the whole boiling cauldron behind us, and as soon as our run-out was finished we all heaved a heartfelt sigh of relief. And now I'm looking back, right over the giant tail fin. And that's our last sight of it—just a great glow in the sky, and around that glow a feathery spray of searchlights, and all that's fifty miles away, and now we've six hundred miles to go for home.

. . . .

WELL, that six hundred miles was covered in a very different spirit from the outward journey, for everybody was light-hearted again. I remember cracking a joke and drinking a very welcome warm cup of tea with Jock, our Flight Engineer—by the way, I promoted him to Flight Lieutenant earlier on in this commentary—but everyone was light-hearted, and then, as we approached the English coast, Ken, our pilot, spoke to the navigator:

"Hullo, bombardier, English coast should be coming up now. Will you tell me when we cross it, please?"
"O.K., navigator, I'll let you know when we cross it. I can see it coming up ahead now."
"Thank you."
"Nav. lights on, skipper."
"O.K. navigator, nav. lights on."
"Hullo, navigator, I can just see it coming up now. We shall be directly over it in a few minutes—a few seconds."
"Thank you. O.K. Yes, it's coming up. We're right over it now, navigator."

We were home, Pidsley and I, from a single trip, but the crew of F for Freddie and thousands of others like them may be preparing to set out again tonight. Well, I can only say that next time we both of us hear the roar of English bombers over the countryside we'll feel a new and a very deep respect for the crews who man them!

I Saw the Fateful Battle of Salerno Beaches

From the third to the seventh day the issue of the nine days' battle for the beaches of Salerno, Italy, hung dangerously in the balance. How the Fifth Army finally won what Mr. Churchill called "an important and pregnant victory" is told by L. S. B. Shapiro, Combined Press reporter.

Now that the Battle of the Salerno bridgehead has been won it is possible to reveal details of the 12 tortured hours on the night of September 13-14, when the Fifth Army only held on by the skin of their teeth. Fewer than 100 men and half-a-dozen cleverly placed anti-tank guns stood between the Germans and the sea on that desperate night.

The heroism of these men and the coolness of the Fifth Army's High Command, which directed operations virtually under the guns of the German tanks, averted disaster and turned a moment of German hesitation into an eventual victory for the Allies.

Toward sunset on that fateful night the Germans had gathered enough strength to strike furiously down the dead centre of the Allied bridgehead at the confluence of the Sele and Carlore rivers, where they were only three miles from the sea.

Allied forward troops, exhausted after four days of continuous fighting, were ill-prepared for the onslaught. All day Monday our High Command hoped that the Germans would not make the expected counter-attack before Wednesday, by which time we should have been safely entrenched.

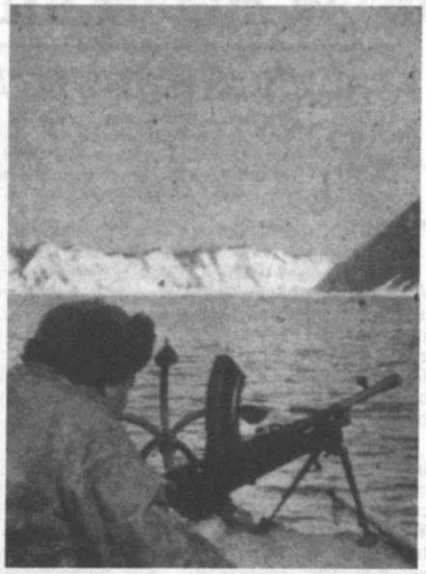
At nightfall the Germans drove through our loosely-held front line between the rivers, at first only with infantry, then with tanks. As the full moon lighted their path they thundered on a three-mile front towards the sea from which we were landed.

I was bivouacked near the junction of the rivers when word was received at 9 p.m. that enemy tanks were within 500 yards of us. There was nothing to stop them. The camp was quickly organized for the last-ditch defence. Cooks, clerks and orderlies, with armed patrols, were sent out behind us. At that critical moment a reconnaissance car armed with only light anti-tank weapons arrived to survey the situation.

Close behind the lines Gen. Clark coolly directed the scant organized forces at his disposal. He rushed a handful of heavier field guns to cover German exits from the bottleneck of the two rivers and to protect the main avenue of Allied reinforcements.

We waited breathlessly for the German onslaught, but it did not come. The Germans hesitated to make the gamble, and our guns, though pitifully few, opened up on them. Gun crews loaded and fired without pause. Off-shore, naval guns joined in.

The German tanks, on the brink of success, failed to rush our scanty defences. Apparently puzzled, they dug into new positions to await daylight. Behind our furious gunfire we frantically reinforced a new defence line. When dawn broke the German chance of success had gone. Then we began the painful process of pushing them back.



NORWEGIAN BREN-GUNNER of the Spitzbergen garrison, which was raided by a German naval force on September 8, 1943. Story by a Norwegian officer is given below.
Photo, Royal Norwegian Govt.

I Was a 'Sitting Target' in the Arctic Sea

Evacuated to Britain with the rest of the Norwegian population when the Allies raided Spitzbergen in September 1941, the writer of this story joined the Norwegian Army, and when he returned home in 1942 his exploits won him the M.B.E. His story has now been released for publication, following the German attack on the Spitzbergen garrison on Sept. 8, 1943.

I was selected as one of the force of 82 Norwegian soldiers who were to re-establish Norwegian sovereignty over Spitzbergen and set up meteorological stations again. The journey to Spitzbergen in our two little ships—an ice-breaker and a sealer—was uneventful. Our destination was the now deserted Russian mining town of Barentsburg, and our ice-breaker set to work to break through the two miles of ice that lay between us and our goal. Before we could reach it, however, a German reconnaissance plane spotted us, and a line of four four-engined bombers swept down suddenly out of the "midnight sun" and raked our ships with cannon shells and machine-gun bullets. Then the planes turned, broke formation and came over us singly, dropping bombs. We were a sitting target, held in the ice as we were. But the gunners kept on firing until they were killed, or unconscious from wounds.

In a few minutes the ice-breaker was sunk and the sealer, which was carrying most of the fuel oil, was blazing furiously. Some of the men jumped into the water where the ice had been broken, others scrambled on to the ice. There was no cover, so we lay flat on the ice, shamming dead. The German planes hovered round for an hour trying to wipe out the whole force, and did not depart until they considered they had achieved their object.

Twelve men had been killed, two were fatally wounded and twelve more were seriously injured. I was one of the less seriously hurt, with a wound in my back. The doctor had lost all his equipment and instruments, and the wounds could only be bandaged with field dressings. It was a

U.S. TROOPS OF THE 5th ARMY reach the Salerno beaches in their ducks (see also pages 295 and 301). Major Fielding, of California, microphone in hand, amplifier at his feet, directs operations. Since September 9, 1943, these men have had grim experiences in Italy; at one time only 100 of them, with six guns, stood between the Germans and the sea, as is told in this page. *Photo, U.S. Army Signal Corps*

desperate situation. Here we were stranded in the Arctic, without food, arms, medical equipment or radio. One of the cooks, however, found some driftwood lying around on the shore, lit a fire and made Russian tea. We began to make plans for the future.

Some of the men formed a "suicide squad," as we called it at the time, and climbed on board the blazing sealer. Ammunition was blowing up all around, but they managed to rescue some rifles and ammunition. A radio receiving set was also saved, but what we wanted most was a transmitter. We then headed for the houses on the shore which had been left by the Russians in 1941, and there we spent our first night. But in the morning the Germans came back again and spotted our tracks in the snow. There was more machine-gunning, but no harm was done.

Meanwhile, we split up into search-parties and discovered in the houses some Russian biscuits, raisins and tins of sprats. Now we held a council of war, and a number of our men afterwards set out on a 32-hour journey across glaciers and snow to a safer part of the island where food might be found. On one of these trips another man was lost through falling into a crevasse.

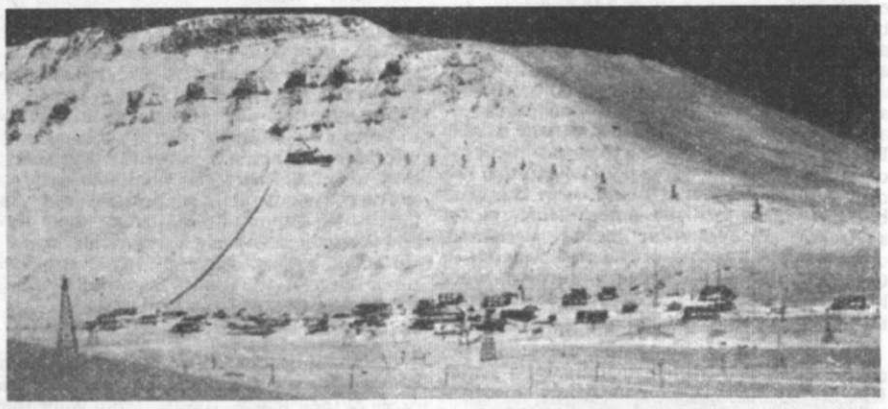
WE who stayed behind continued to search the houses and found blankets, clothing and food which kept us going. I was one of the few who spoke Russian, and because I had lived in Spitzbergen for so many years I knew the Russian ways. I knew that the Russians had had many pigs and also that they would not have had time to do anything with them when they were evacuated in 1941. I guessed the pigs must have been shot.

I had a good idea where we might find them buried beneath the snow, where the cold might have preserved them. I was wounded, and the men had to carry me in our search for them. At last, after a good deal of digging, about 20 carcasses were brought to light. Much of the meat looked good to eat, and the commanding officer and I ate the first of it as a treat. It tasted all right, and as we suffered no ill effects it seemed safe to use it. Afterwards we all enjoyed plenty of boiled and roasted pork.

Our patrols had been out to locate the enemy, who we knew must be garrisoned on the island somewhere, and discovered a German H.Q. at Longyear City. They had insufficient arms to attack, of course, so our men kept watch and then returned to report. Meanwhile, the German planes had continued to attack us, and day after day they flew over the town, bombing and machine-gunning and firing the wooden buildings. The wounded were carried into a cellar which was used as a "hospital." I had recovered sufficiently by this time to get about on my own, and when one day during a low-level enemy attack a bomb skidded along the snow and crashed against the side of the hospital without exploding, I managed to drag it away, assisted by another soldier, to a safe distance from the wounded.

Our position was not improving by any means, although we did still have food. Then one day we had the surprise of our lives. A Catalina flying boat flew over us and we were able to make contact with it.

Not long afterwards—early in June, when the ice had melted—another Catalina landed in the fjord. Seven of our most seriously wounded returned with it. We had been given sufficient supplies to carry on for a few weeks longer, and 50 days after we first reached Spitzbergen a British Naval force arrived with reinforcements. We now had arms again and so set off to meet the Germans in Longyear City. But when we got there on July 14 last year the Germans had fled.



CHIEF MINING CAMP OF SPITZBERGEN, Longyear City was reoccupied on July 14, 1942, by Norwegian forces, whose story is narrated here. Ten months previously the Allies had destroyed all meteorological stations and coal mines in the Spitzbergen archipelago, to prevent these being used by the Germans, and had taken off all the Norwegian population. *Photo, Royal Norwegian Govt.*

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

SEPTEMBER 15, Wednesday *1,474th day*

Italy.—9th Army capture of Belvedere announced. First patrols of 8th and 5th Armies linked. Islands of Procida and Ponsa occupied. Gen. Alexander visited 5th Army front.

Mediterranean.—Ten Italian warships, including two battleships, arrived at Alexandria from Malta.

Russian Front.—Nezhin, 78 m. from Kiev, taken by Red Army.

Air.—Fortresses attacked ball-bearing works in Paris area. At night Montluçon rubber factory, 40 m. N.W. of Vichy, raided. Berlin bombed.

SEPTEMBER 16, Thursday *1,475th day*

Italy.—5th Army resumed offensive at Salerno and wiped out German salient between Sele and Colore Rivers. Island of Ischia, off Gulf of Naples, surrendered.

Russian Front.—Novorossisk, on Black Sea, Novgorod-Seversky on River Desna, Lozovaya, Romny, Valki, and Glinsk captured by Soviet troops.

Australasia.—Lae (New Guinea) captured.

Air.—Nantes, La Pallice and airfields of Cognac and La Rochelle (France) attacked by Fortresses. Modane marshalling yards near opening of Mont Cenis tunnel, and viaduct near St. Raphael in the Riviera bombed at night. Mosquitoes raided Berlin.

SEPTEMBER 17, Friday *1,476th day*

Italy.—British troops advanced 2 miles at Salerno. Fall of Albanella announced.

Mediterranean.—Announced Yugo-Slav patriot troops had captured Split, on the Adriatic.

Russian Front.—Bryansk, Trubchevsk and Bezhitsa on River Desna, Berdiansk on Sea of Azov, captured by Russians.

SEPTEMBER 18, Saturday *1,477th day*

Italy.—Mussolini broadcast for first time since rescue by Germans. Capture of Rocca d'Aspide by 5th Army announced.

Russian Front.—Pavlograd in Dnepropetrovsk sector and Pologi on Dnieper Steppe captured by Red Army. German supply line to Kiev cut.

SEPTEMBER 19, Sunday *1,478th day*

Italy.—Arrival of Marshal Badoglio behind Allied lines announced, and capture of Altavilla and Battipaglia on 5th Army front.

Mediterranean.—Revealed that Italians had forced Germans to evacuate Sardinia and French patriots had occupied Ajaccio, capital of Corsica.

Russian Front.—Fall of Dukhovschina and Yartsevo on Smolensk front announced.

General.—Mr. Churchill returned to London from America.

SEPTEMBER 20, Monday *1,479th day*

Italy.—Fall of Gioja to 8th Army announced. Marshal Badoglio appealed to Italians to resist Germans. Venice and Pescara bombed.

Russian Front.—Velizh, 75 m. N.W. of Smolensk, captured by Red Army.

SEPTEMBER 21, Tuesday *1,480th day*

Italy.—Eboli captured by 8th Army. Reported that Germans were sacking Naples. Leghorn attacked by Liberators.

Mediterranean.—Capture announced of Greek Islands of Cos, Leros and Samos. Announced that all western Corsica freed by French troops. British M.T.B.s raided Valona (Albania).

Russian Front.—Russians crossed River Desna and occupied Chernigov in upper reaches. Enemy driven from Desna Line throughout its length. Demidov, 40 m. N.W. of Smolensk, captured.

Air.—Beauvais airfield and Lens coke-ovens (France) bombed.

General.—Mr. Churchill declared to Parliament in his war review that arrangements had been made for conference of Foreign Ministers of Soviet Russia, Great Britain and U.S.A., and promised "mass invasion" of western Europe.

SEPTEMBER 22, Wednesday *1,481st day*

Italy.—San Cipriano, Montecorvino, Rovella and Campagna announced captured by 5th Army, Potenza and Altamura by 8th Army.

Russian Front.—Anapa, N.W. of Novorossisk in the Kuban, captured by Red Army. Novomoskovsk in Dnieper Bend occupied.

Mediterranean.—Maritza (Rhodes) and Eleusis (Athens) airfields bombed by Liberators.

Australia.—Allied troops landed 9 m. N. of Finschafen (New Guinea). Capture by airborne troops of Kaiapit, 60 m. up Markham Valley, announced.

Air.—Hanover pounded in concentrated 30-min. attack. Oldenburg and Bremen bombed.

SEPTEMBER 23, Thursday *1,482nd day*

Italy.—Ginosa, Avigliano and Acerno announced captured by 5th and 8th Armies.

Mediterranean.—Bonifacio and Porto Vecchio, Corsica, captured.

Russian Front.—Poltava, S.W. of Kharkov, captured by Russians; Unecha, rail junction between Bryansk and Gomel, also taken.

Air.—Twin Rhineland towns of Mannheim-Ludwigshafen heavily bombed at night. Darmstadt and Aachen also raided.

SEPTEMBER 24, Friday *1,483rd day*

Italy.—Matera and Oliveto Citra announced captured by 8th Army.

Mediterranean.—19 Junkers transport machines destroyed while evacuating German troops from Corsica, making total of 28 in two days.

Russian Front.—Karelli, on Smolensk front, captured by Red Army.

SEPTEMBER 25 Saturday *1,484th day*

Italy.—Announced that 5th Army troops had captured heights overlooking Naples Plain. Molfetta, 15 m. from Bari, announced occupied by 8th Army. Bolzano, Verona and Bologna raided.

Mediterranean.—Oletti, Olmotta and Valletalle in Corsica occupied by French troops. Kalamaki airfield (Greece) attacked by Liberators and Halifaxes.

Russian Front.—Smolensk and Roslavl taken by storm.

Australasia.—Finschafen airfield (New Guinea) announced captured.

SEPTEMBER 26, Sunday *1,485th day*

Italy.—Spinnozzola and Atella taken.

Russian Front.—Russian troops reached Dnieper near Dnepropetrovsk, Kremenchug and Kiev.

SEPTEMBER 27, Monday *1,486th day*

Italy.—Foggia air base captured by 8th Army. Fall of Cerignola and Muro to 8th Army, capture of Calbritto and Cassaro by 5th Army, announced. Lioni and Castelnuovo occupied.

Mediterranean.—Corfu (off Greece) occupied by German troops.

Russian Front.—Temryuk, last German port in the Kuban, captured by Soviet troops. Red Army entered suburb of Dnepropetrovsk.

Air.—Emden and Aurich attacked by Fortresses; 1,000 tons of bombs dropped. Hanover heavily bombed at night.

SEPTEMBER 28, Tuesday *1,487th day*

Russian Front.—Soviet forces advanced 11-14 miles in Kremenchug direction, and occupied localities on west bank of Dnieper in Kiev region. Germans admitted a Soviet force had crossed the Dnieper at junction of Dnieper and Pripet rivers.

Australasia.—Announced that 7 Japanese ships and 29 barges sunk by Allied bombers at Wewak (New Guinea).

Flash-backs

1939

September 19. *Soviet troops at Polish-Hungarian frontier.*

1940

September 15. *185 German planes shot down over Britain.*

September 17. *City of Benares, evacuating children from England to Canada, sunk by U-boat.*

September 27. *133 German planes brought down over Britain.*

1941

September 18. *British and Russian troops entered Teheran, Iran.*

September 27. *Italian garrison of Wolchefit (Abyssinia) surrendered.*

1942

September 15. *Germans launched mass air attacks on Stalingrad.*

September 18. *Tamatave, Madagascar, occupied by British.*

September 23. *Antananarivo, capital of Madagascar, captured by British.*

September 25. *R.A.F. Mosquitoes raided Gestapo H.Q. in Oslo.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

IF you saw an officer dressed in a dark blue uniform, with plain buttons, rank braid around his cuffs like that of the R.A.F. but in a darker colour, with a star above the three rings that correspond to a Wing Commander's rank badges, and wearing small silver R.A.F. wings in metal on his left breast, would you know what he was? Probably you wouldn't, and you would simply dismiss the subject with a shrug of your shoulders and the thought that here was another of the many new uniforms which have blossomed in this war.

I met one of these officers the other evening in a London club It happened to be one of the tip-and-run raid nights when about 15 German aircraft crossed the coast and a few got through to London. The structure of the building was trembling slightly with the vibration of the guns in and around the neighbourhood of Hyde Park, and occasionally in the distant rumble of the slight aerial storm that was breaking over the great city you could hear the low boom of an exploding bomb. No one paid any attention to the intermittent racket outside. Conversation never slackened. One resident member of the club was out in his dark blue civil defence uniform on duty in his sector. Fire guards were on watch.

The noise was just dying away in the distance when in came the officer in the R.A.F.-like but distinctive uniform, a senior captain of Ferry Command, now absorbed in R.A.F. Transport Command. He had left Newfoundland that same morning. Next day he would be away from London again. His home was the world—at least, the part of it that comes under the control of the United Nations. Los Angeles, New York, London, Cairo, New Delhi, Melbourne, Auckland, Honolulu are to these men as bus stops or railway stations to most people. They never know the schedule of their next run until they receive their orders. They pack a bag for Australia, and get instructions to fly to Newfoundland.

They move about so fast they never have time to catch up with the changes of climate they encounter. They are developing a new accent, which is not that of any part of Britain, or of the United States, nor yet of Canada or any of the great Dominions. There is an international flavour about the way they speak, a levelling-out of all the different accents into one, with slang gathered from all the English-speaking world.

The pilots, navigators, radio operators, and flight engineers who wear this uniform are not soldiers, or sailors, or rafiers (to coin a word in which the Air Service is lacking). They are civilians attached to the R.A.F., with none of the privileges of the serving officers, but with all the responsibilities of an arduous job. I don't think for a moment that any of them would change to complete military status if they were offered it. They are probably happiest as they are, free from the discipline and job-shifting system of the Service, but with their own iron discipline ruling their lives, and keeping their schedule in the air from continent to continent, flying in any long-range aircraft that have to be ferried over the oceans and over the land masses.

THE senior pilots are of different nationalities. Some are on the reserve of the forces of their native country. But while they do the job they do now, Ferry Command has priority on their services. For this is an important war job, one which requires great flying skill and experience, the right kind of temperament and, surely, lots of guts, and physical stamina of a high order.

Next time you happen to see men dressed in this uniform you will know that they are civilians in a special category doing a tough flying job with a nonchalance and an esprit de corps that make them take the whole world in their stride and look the whole world in the face; although they are rarely honoured and their praises seldom sung, just because they fight the elements instead of fighting man. And their work will increase as the big aircraft pour out of the United Nations' factories in greater numbers.

German air defences against Bomber Command continue to follow the tactics adopted during recent weeks, of concentrating upon defence by night fighters operating in skies illuminated by cones of searchlights formed by as many as fifty lights per cone, with additional single lights or smaller cones to follow the aircraft that fly through and out of the lit-up zones. Above the level of the British bombers German defence aircraft fly for the purpose of releasing parachute flares, while others have been reported carrying airborne searchlights. In places the sky has been lighted almost as brightly as if it were day. In these conditions the German night fighters have been able to engage our bombers and cause casualties.

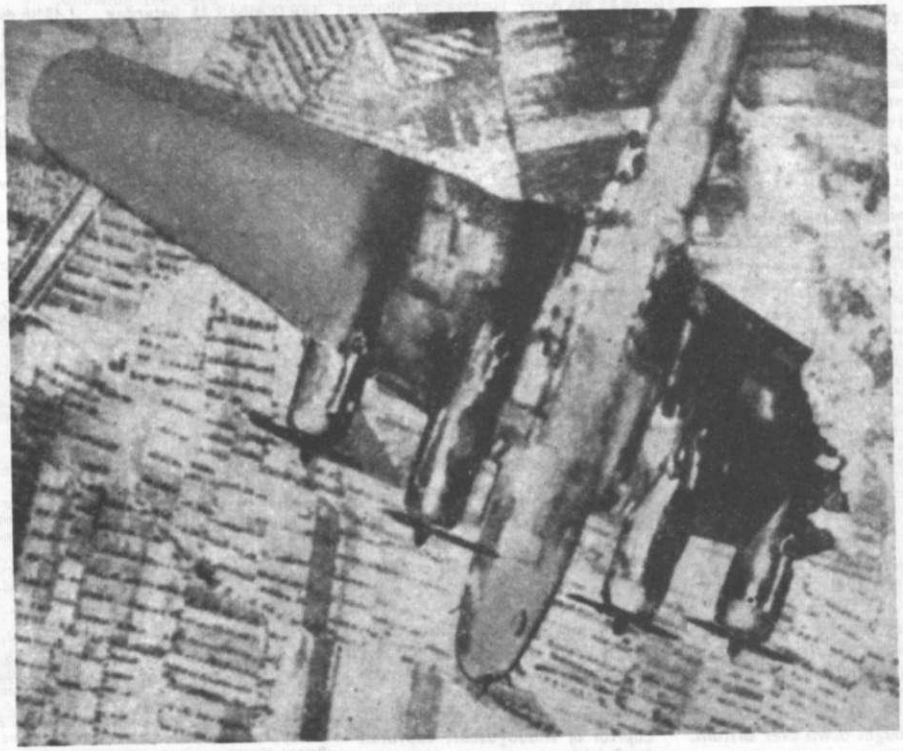
GEOGRAPHICAL Handicap That Will Be Overcome

Three factors have contributed to the results gained by the enemy night fighters. One is that our bombers when operating over enemy territory must come under hostile action for long continuous periods. This geographical handicap can only be overcome when Europe is invaded from the west or when we capture the northern Italian airfields. A second factor is the original 1936 design of our night bombers to carry heavy loads over considerable distances employing the cover of night for safety. For night air defence has progressed, and a method which was sound three years ago is not necessarily sound today.

The fact that our night bombers operate at medium height and medium speed makes it possible for them to be illuminated fairly effectively from above and below, and thus trailed fairly readily by the faster fighters. The third factor is our employment of rifle-calibre defence machine-guns in these bombers. These guns have an effective range of about 300 yards (although aircraft have been brought down by them at half-a-mile in daylight on rare occasions). Cannon-guns and half-inch machine-guns have twice the effective range. German fighters, armed with the heavier weapons, can shoot effectively at normally longer ranges than our night-bomber air-gunners. So it looks as if present types of night bombers must carry heavier defensive weapons, even at the sacrifice of some bomb load.

THIS does not mean the doom of the night bomber, as some might think. In time the night bomber will become a far larger aircraft with a greater range and carrying capacity; it will be armoured and have much heavier armament. But that time has not yet arrived, and we may not reach it during this war. We have to fight at the moment with the aircraft we possess, and modify them as little as possible, for every modification means delay. (Using more of our faster, smaller aircraft—such as the Mosquito—means easier evasion of the fighters, but entails severe loss of bomb load.)

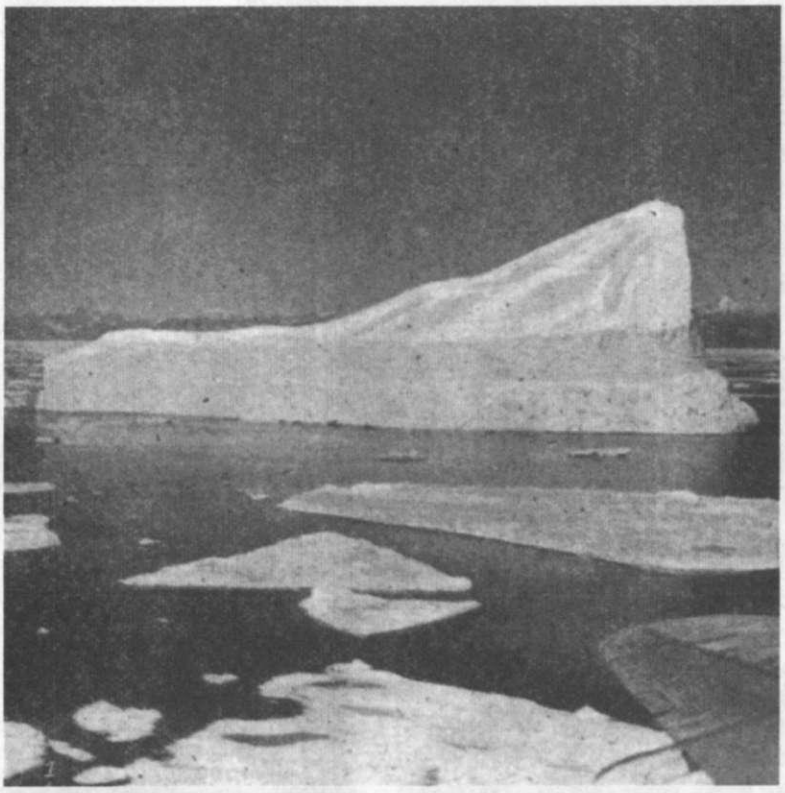
Perhaps the best answer may prove to be the sending of a long-range fighter force with our night bombers, composed of aircraft like the Fortresses which have shown their ability to fight enemy day fighters on equal terms. Certainly if the war goes on for long without the capture by the Army of Continental airfields close to Germany there will have to be a change in our night-bombing tactics if we are to maintain their efficiency at the highest level. Meanwhile, we should remember with gratitude that the night bombers of Bomber Command are the only branch in all the Services who have had to fight for four years without any aid whatever from other land, sea or air forces.

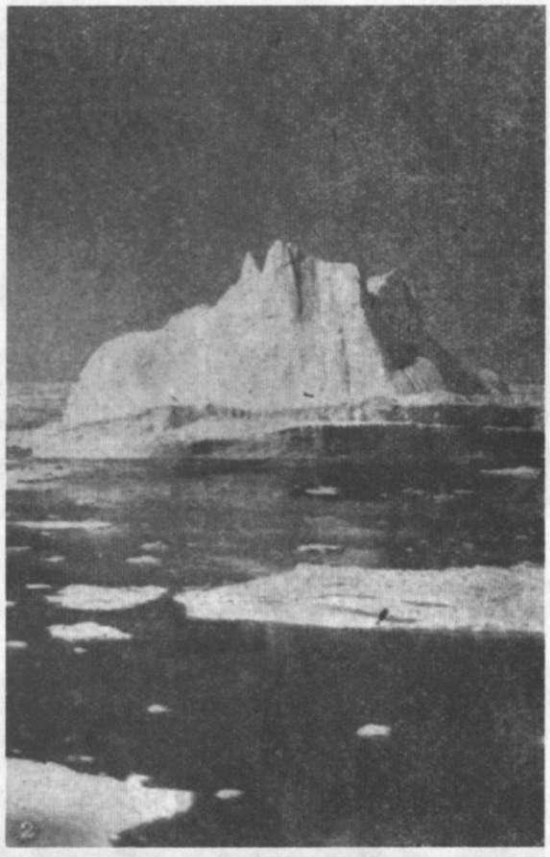


PART OF ITS WING BLOWN OFF by flak, and turned completely over by the terrific force of the flak explosions, after having dropped its bombs on Naples (before the capitulation), this B.17 Flying Fortress was levelled out by its pilot 1,500 feet below the height at which the hair-raising incident occurred—and five parachutes were seen to open.

Photo, Associated Press

Seaways of Frozen North Patrolled by R.A.F.





ICE FLOES DRIFTING SOUTHWARDS from the Arctic Circle have always constituted a grave menace to North Atlantic shipping. But owing to the unceasing vigilance of R.A.F. Coastal Command patrols based on Iceland, which chart the positions of floes for the information of all shipping concerned, not one of our vessels has been lost through collision with drift-ice since the war began. Thus are our Northern supply routes kept open. Typical bergs (1 and 2) were photographed by R.A.F. Hudsons, and this equally perilous field of broken ice (3) was snapped by another plane of the little publicised but indispensable Ice-Pack Patrol.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

These Airmen Win Distinguished Flying Cross

W/CDR. H. R. COVENTRY, R.A.F.
Berlin, Duisburg, Düsseldorf and Essen have been among the targets of this "outstanding captain."

F/O A. T. WICKHAM, R.A.F.V.R.
His award was for his part in the daylight raid on Berlin on January 30, 1943—a mission which achieved "complete success."

F/O P. D. WOOD, R.A.F.V.R.
Described as "a navigator of high merit," he contributed to the destruction of 3 enemy aircraft. He has given "valuable service."

ACTG. F/LIEUT. D. F. KING, R.A.F.V.R.
Has served both Bomber and Coastal Commands "with marked ability, courage and devotion."

ACTG. SQ./LDR. R. H. HARRIES, D.F.C., R.A.F.V.R.
"A fine leader" who has now been awarded a second bar to his D.F.C.

P/O P. L. SINGER, R.N.Z.A.F. (left), and P/O. A. M. SINGER, R.N.Z.A.F.
Twin brothers, they have led many successful bombing sorties, common targets including Berlin and Hamburg.

F/O P. C. COBLEY, R.A.F.V.R.
"A fearless pilot and a relentless assailant," has engaged in varied operations, destroying 5 of the enemy.

LIEUT. J. A. LITHGOW, S.A.A.F.
"Has displayed qualities of courage and determination . . . and set a high example to the flying personnel of his squadron."

F/O H. W. CHAMBERS, R.N.Z.A.F.
"A skilful and determined pilot" who has "invariably displayed great courage and devotion."

P/O W. W. J. LOUD, R.A.F.V.R.
He has shown "courage and skill" in operational flying, including reconnaissances, always showing "exceptional keenness."

W/CDR. W. M. PENMAN, A.F.C., R.A.F.
Has flown on a number of successful attacks on Germany, Italy and the Occupied countries.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Canadian Official

Editor's Postscript

THERE is clearly going to be a lot of discussion over the process of demobilizing men and women from the Services when peace comes. Mr. Bevin's "first in, first out" formula has been severely criticized. It would be foolish, say the critics, to release people in the order they joined up or were conscripted, regardless of their value to the nation for the after-war effort. The rule ought, they suggest, to be "The most useful first." They mean most useful for the particular tasks we shall be faced with after the war. To defer the discharge of skilled building workers, for instance, and to let go men without capacity for anything but pick-and-shovel labour would certainly appear to be bad economy, considering the enormous amount of building work that will be needed. Proclaiming his private idea brought Mr. Bevin a round of unthinking cheers, but it is unlikely the War Cabinet will endorse his proposal. No broad principle can be applied to demobilization. Cases must be judged on their merits —and according to national benefit.

A "SEMI-SAVAGE island" the famous French essayist Sainte-Beuve called Corsica. But that was a long time ago. No one would use such a description today. This sweet-scented isle, covered with shrubs whose fragrance can be enjoyed many miles out at sea, has civilized itself; become a delightful holiday ground in peacetime (though few British visitors went there); and even given up its vendettas (family feuds) which provided fiction-writers with sensational episodes. I have walked all over Corsica, enjoying the ever-changing views and the ever-present flowers, and finding the people interesting, though not much interested in anything but their own concerns. They are neither French nor Italian, but a mixture. Like their two most famous fellow-islanders, Napoleon and Coty (the Paris perfumer), they have to go to the mainland if they want riches or fame. They will never get either by hotel-keeping. They do not take nearly enough trouble.

CAN any thefts be meaner than those of the sneaks who creep among allotments at night and pilfer the onions or the fruit or the cabbages (now that this homely vegetable, usually so cheap, has become for the moment scarce and dear)? The allotment holder works hard, he plans carefully, he raises crops for home consumption. To have these stolen by criminals too lazy to dig and plant and hoe themselves, too utterly lacking in decent feeling to be ashamed of their despicable robberies, is hard indeed. I am surprised that magistrates should be satisfied if they pay fines. They ought to be made to suffer punishment more drastic. To send them to prison would be a pity. Their wives and children would suffer, they would pick up evil notions, for prisons create more criminals than they cure. Why not make them wear some mark or costume that would show everybody what they had been doing? I believe it would have a reforming effect.

A GIRL acquaintance of mine who is going to be married is begging her relatives and friends not to give her fish-servers or salt-cellars or rose-bowls. What she would like are saucepans, kettles, strainers, frying-pans. These are at times so difficult to get that many young couples find it next door to impossible to set up homes. You can do without a great many things, but to prepare meals without those indispensable kitchen utensils is out of the question, unless you are content to live on cold stuff out of tins, which, by the way, needs so many points that you simply can't do it for more than a few days at a time. Present-giving of all kinds has become much easier, I find. One used to be compelled to choose among a lot of things mostly useless. They all seemed equally futile—and equally dear. Now one tries to buy something that will be really welcomed, no matter how humble its character. One wife I know gave her husband for his birthday present twenty-one of her clothes coupons. He needed shirts badly, but had used all his coupons on the necessary purchase of a suit and overcoat. He said he had never been given anything he liked better—or that he really needed more!

GEN HENRY H. ARNOLD, Commanding-General of the U.S. Army Air Forces, now conferring with British Service chiefs. On September 4, 1943 he gave as his "timetable for victory . . . First, supremacy in the air and then crushing invasion by land and sea." He added: "So far we are on schedule, and we are not going to pull our punches." *Photo, Planet News*

ONE of the most pathetic of the "war casualties" that have come to my notice on the Home Front is an author who has written a number of books and made quite a reputation in his own subjects. He finds, of course, that his market is severely restricted. Paper scarcity reduces the quantity of books that publishers can bring out. The small size of newspapers has the effect of squeezing out articles which used to be accepted from outsiders. But diminished income has for this writer one most unhappy consequence—he cannot find any quiet place in which to write. His one room is too cramped and does not possess a table steady enough to write at! His club has been partly wrecked; the Silence Room, where he could spend hours undisturbed, is no more. If he tries to work in the room where writing must be done now, he is continually interrupted, he complains wryly, by kind inquiries after his health or remarks about the weather. "They mean well," he says, "but it makes concentration impossible." I suggested to him that many Public Libraries have good Reference Rooms where writing can be done. He did try the Reading Room at the British Museum, but could not find a seat. It is now always full, it seems, for many foreigners are doing research work there.

WHEN W. S. Gilbert in one of the Savoy operas (was it The Pirates of Penzance?) introduced a patter song about "the modern major-general," he endowed the ideal type of this rank with all sorts of learning. He did not include psychiatry, because this branch of mental study was at that time unknown. Now it has become part of the regular army routine. At the Selection Centres which examine soldiers to see what their special aptitudes may be, psychiatrists are on the staff for consultation, if desired, and a number of the examinees take advantage of the opportunity to have their "psyches" analyzed. This term used to be translated as "soul." It has come to mean "character" in a general sense; and part of the task undertaken by the Selection Boards is to discover what are the characteristics of the men who appear before them. Intelligence tests are applied, inquiry is made into mechanical knowledge, every possible endeavour is used to find out the attainments and experience of each individual so that each may be given the job for which he is specially fitted. The centres do all they can to make the soldiers sent to them comfortable and carefree, so that they may be at their best. This seems to me one of the most valuable of the many innovations in military training which this war has brought about.

I HOPE the British and American occupation of Sicily will make the lot of the sulphur mine-workers at Girgenti more bearable than it has been, not only under the rule of Mussolini, but long before that. Musso ordered that this place should be called, as it was in Roman times, Agrigentum, but it had been Girgenti for centuries when I was there some time before the Fascist tyranny gained sway. There are some magnificent ruins of Greek architecture there and for them it was worth taking a tedious journey across the island by a very slow, dusty, hot little train. And while I was there I saw the sulphur mines close by. These are tunnels driven into the soil diagonally and entered from the surface. Seldom have I seen any sight as painful as that of the undersized, gnome-like Sicilian miners toiling through these low-roofed tunnels, in which I could not stand upright, with grievously heavy sacks of sulphur on their shoulders. Their conditions were those of slaves. They were allowed to die off like flies from the effects of sulphur and excessive toil.

ANGLERS are finding fishing tackle difficult to buy. This hits them particularly hard at a time when they have been making unusually good catches. In the Thames and other rivers barbel, bream, dace, grayling and carp have been biting eagerly. They are a welcome addition to the wartime larder, and numbers of men who have never fished before have taken to what is now not so much a sport as a means of increasing food supply. That, of course, partly accounts for the shortage of fishing requisites. But gut for lines is also scarce; a great deal of it is used in Service hospitals for the treatment of wounds. Thus a check is given to a recreation particularly soothing to jangled nerves as well as useful for filling hungry bellies.

Hitler's Alpine Highway to Northern Italy

THROUGH THE BRENNER PASS thunders a column of Tiger tanks on its way to reinforce Nazi contingents holding down the war-weary people of the Plain of Lombardy. When Italy entered the war the Brenner became her lifeline to Germany; now, instead of coal and oil, this famous Alpine highway brings to the Italians ruthless oppressors.

Photo, Planet News

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